THE

Repository

OF

ARTS, LITERATURE, COMMERCE,

Manufactures, Fashions, and Politics,

For MARCH, 1815.

VOL. XIII.

The Seventy-fifth Number.

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TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We earnestly solicit communications on subjects of general interest, and also from professors of the arts and authors, respecting works which they may have in hand. We conceive that the evident advantage which must accrue to both from the more extensive publicity that will be given to their productions through the medium of the Repository, *needs only to be mentioned, to induce them to favour us with such information, which shall always meet with the most prompt attention.*

The Proprietor of the Repository respectfully informs his readers, that, with a view to the farther improvement of the work, and to render it still more worthy of the patronage bestowed on it, he shall close the present Series at the end of the Fourteenth Volume, and commence a new one, with some alterations in the plan, of which due notice will be given.

We are certain that Mr. Shield *would disclaim the aid of the anonymous scribbler who has used his name, and whose feigned hand sufficiently betrays the fear of being known, as well as the consciousness of no very creditable motive.*

The interesting account of several German Females, whose patriotic spirit impelled them to join the ranks of their countrymen in the late conflict with France, shall be given in our next.

The article alluded to by Bristoliensis *would be very acceptable.*

The Proprietor begs leave to remind such of his Readers as have imperfect sets of the Repository, of the necessity of an early application for the deficiencies, in order to prevent disappointment. Those who chuse to return their Numbers to the Publisher, may have them exchanged for Volumes in a variety of bindings, at the rate of 5s. per Volume.

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———The suffrage of the wise,
The praise that's worth ambition, is attain'd
By sense alone, and dignity of mind.

ARMSTRONG.

CONVERSATIONS ON THE ARTS.—By JUNINUS.

(Continued from p. 68.)

MISS EVE. Here is a picture of Queen Eleanor coming to insist on Rosamond Clifford swallowing the fatal draught. I think this is the best picture I have painted. I have engraved three prints from it; one in strokes, one in the chalk and stipple manner, and the third in mezzotinto. I will shew you proofs of them, and speak of the principles on which I executed them.

Miss *Eve*. We see not so much with our eyes, as with our judgment. I now plainly perceive the principles on which you put together this charming composition. What a length of uninterrupted flowing line glides from Queen Eleanor's arm that holds the dagger along Rosamond's imploring arms and down her back; another down the body and leg on which Queen Eleanor stands; and another flows away with the drapery that swells about the queen, and flies off behind.

Miss *K*. Yes; a few simple, large scrolls, or winding lines, gently swelling, such as Hogarth describes in his *Analysis of Beauty*, and calls the graceful line. This alone constitutes much of the merit of the antique, but to put them together, like unostentatious ornaments, as from centres, like specimens of penmanship, is what Hogarth was unacquainted with. It is this rule, and the borrowing, by a sort of scientific parody, from the works of our predecessors, and from every other source that we can find, that imparts so much merit to the works of those who pursue this method, that they are justly styled the first painters in the country in which they practise their art. Women also, who practise this method, dress with more elegance than those that are unac-

quainted with it. The principles of painting and of dress are the same; but, as I observed, these principles should be so unostentatiously practised, as to lie hid from the observation of the unscientific.

Miss *Eve.* Yes, I plainly perceive all this. How practically you always paint! The reflection from Eleanor's scarlet mantle on the dagger and on her sparkling eye, gives at once a royal and a savage look.

Miss *K.* Yes; and this strikes the more dread into the unfortunate Rosamond. It is very common-place to dress royalty in scarlet, purple, and gold. These colours combined, fly off with a strong, vivid relief from the cold grey of the Gothic architecture; they also attract the eye to the spot where they are placed. Eleanor has also coloured brilliants, chiefly red, and dark hair, flying as if erect; while Rosamond is decorated, on the contrary, with diamonds and pearls only, and is dressed chiefly in white. Her golden hair is such as is described in the ballad, and as was so much admired by the ancients; the ringlets, which to common observation so nearly resemble each other, have yet a tender or gentle difference. This prevents the insipidity of repetition; and at the same time this uniformity produces that simplicity which so essentially contributes to true greatness or grandeur. This golden hair, so celebrated by Homer and many others of the ancients, and the silver tint first practised by Guido in his Madonnas, with the simplicity I have mentioned, opposed to the tint of Titian, that glows in the countenance of Queen Eleanor, and the bustle of her action, confer on Rosamond that delicacy which comes near the idea I have formed of that celebrated lady. The painted glass in the middle and at the upper part of the great Gothic window that graduates into dark shade; the roses, jessamines, and honeysuckles that sport and twine about the casement, which is partly open, and shews the distant landscape, gardens, fountains, sky, &c.; the beau-pot of flowers on the table to the left, and the needle-work of various colours to the right with which Rosamond was amusing herself previously to the entrance of Queen Eleanor, have their colours artfully selected, so as to balance about the colours that are in the principal group.

Miss *Eve.* You said, I remember, that this produces harmony, and that the great colourists of flowers, fruit, &c. introduced butterflies and other insects, with their spangled wings and enamelled bodies, flying and creeping about the borders with the very colours required to balance or harmonize.

Miss *K.* This is one of the principal rules of the harmonious colourists, to produce such a due balance of every part, such as lights, shades, forms, colours, &c. that they may seem to weigh even, as it were, to be balanced, reconciled, harmonized. As for the principles that introduce breadth in the masses, breadth of touch, variety, squareness, force, mellowness, freshness, transparency, lightness, or sprinkliness, which may also be called freedom and sketchiness, firmness, solidity,

warmth, clearness, I have several times mentioned these merits, and will produce them with as much ease and certainty as compasses will strike a circle.

Miss *Eve.* You have made Woodstock Bower look like a terrestrial paradise; so tranquil, so pure, so fit for retirement, love, and joy, who would have suspected danger here? How just the lineal and aërial perspective! all your clare-obscure can be accounted for, unlike the works of many of the Venetian colourists, who were so capricious and incorrect in this particular. You need not say, like Paul Veronese, "A cloud is passing over." All this, as well as your anatomy, can be defended and accounted for; you are above always practising the well-known bunch of grapes effect of Titian, which he is said to have recommended, and which he is falsely asserted to have invariably practised; or Corregio's affected ball of light graduating into shade; or the common-place ray effect. You go deeper; your effects are founded on the laws of optics, the nature of vision, on philosophy and reason, which are the same. What delicate, white, small, even teeth, like ivory or pearl, you have given to Rosamond! and what bright eyes! how the iris glistens! the pupil how animated! What shining golden hair! what varied, graceful ringlets, so elegant and so simple, like those which imagination would bestow on Helen or the Cyprian queen. Good teeth and good hair are principally the gift of nature, and which nature bestowed preeminently on your Rosamond. She wants no prepared charcoal dentifrice, no Prince's cherry paste, no tooth-powders, so often composed of sandy substances, which wear away, or acids, that corrode the enamel of the teeth; her hair, so dishevelled and redundant, requires no bear's grease, Russian or Macassar oil.

What is the nature of hair?

Miss *K.* When hairs are examined with a microscope, it will be found that they have each a round bulbous root, which lies deep in the skin, and draws its nourishment from the surrounding humours. Each hair consists of five or six tubes, wrapt up in a common tegument. They grow as the nails grow, the part near the root thrusting forward that which is immediately above it, and not like plants, in consequence of any liquid running along the tubes. Their different colours depend much upon the different temperaments and the quality of the humours that nourish them.

You may observe that I have painted Rosamond's *tunica conjunctiva*, or white of the eye, of a bluish cast, which prevents a disagreeable, staring appearance; and her cornea and iris bright. The form of her face I borrowed from a Grecian antique, but I have so disguised the theft as to escape detection. This is my constant practice, to make the world and all ages tributary to my works; and those artists that will adopt the same practice, must of necessity be of the first class. They will go through their studies quickly and pleasantly, like the pilgrim who was directed to do penance by

S 2

walking from Florence to Rome with peas in his shoes, and artfully boiled them.

Miss *Eve.* What a vixen Queen Eleanor seems! Like Raphael, you, if I may so express myself, shoot flying, and catch nature in the fact, the energy and expression are so just.

Miss *K.* I saw the attitude of this figure at Billingsgate, when I landed last season from Margate.

Miss *Eve.* I think she tired out one husband before she became the wife of our Henry II.

Miss *K.* She was first married to Louis the Young, King of France, by whom she had two daughters; but that king being dissatisfied with her conduct, caused their marriage to be dissolved in the national council of Bois Genci, upon pretence of her being too nearly related to him. For her cruelty to Rosamond, Henry, on his return from Normandy, put her in confinement, where she remained till his death. She was mother to our Richard I. and John.

Miss *Eve.* With what jealous rage Eleanor seems to view the medallion of Henry II. that you have suspended from a gold twist on the bosom of Rosamond, on the left breast, that seat of the affections! You are so poetical in your ideas, you bring to my mind the works of Julio Romano, the favourite pupil of Raphael, who understood the poetry of painting in so pre-eminent a degree.

Miss *K.* It may be objected, perhaps, to my representation of Fair Rosamond, as Lady Mary Wortley Montague observes of the lovely Fatima of Adrianople, that she seems too young to have had two children.

Miss *Eve.* What children had the poor unfortunate Rosamond Clifford?

Miss *K.* She had two sons by Henry II.; William, surnamed Long Sword, Earl of Salisbury, and Geoffrey, Archbishop of York.

I have painted many pictures from the History of England. In that port-folio are several drawings or studies in colours. I will shew them to you. Here are figures of several remarkable females since the Norman Conquest. Here is Maud, daughter to Henry I. and mother of Henry II. Here is Maud, wife of King Stephen, where she is treated with such pride and scorn by the other Maud, when suing for the liberty of her husband, who had been taken prisoner in 1140, when Henry's daughter was asserting her right to the crown of this country.

Miss *Eve.* You draw and paint with such science and selection, that these drawings in water-colours and crayons look, at a little distance, like excellent finished pictures. How beautifully brilliant the touches of red in the finer flesh render the colouring, the varied mottling in the cheeks, where the tints are seen behind, or rather between each other, as is the manner of the most judicious painters in oil, crayon, water, spirit of wine, or brandy. What a sketchy variety, freedom, transparency, and richness there are in the flesh, that resembles some of Rubens's, which, though opposed by flowers as brilliant as those of Mignon, Baptist, and John van Huysum, yet pre-

serves its exquisite lustre. Unlike many of the modern painters, you are not afraid of warm colours and strong shadows; you understand the effect of balancing, that great harmonizer, too well.

Miss *K.* The whole of painting is as a trick at cards. When known, whatever Michael Angelo, Masaccio, Raphael, Tibaldi, Titian, Rubens, Homer, Shakspeare, &c. &c. could perform, is as nothing. All is the effect of rules; as Pope observes, "Even all chance is direction that we cannot see."

Miss *Eve.* After the lottery wheels are turned round to shuffle and mix the tickets, do you think it is true, that the Bluecoat-boy's finger and thumb are acted upon to take the highest prize, at the moment a destined number is touched by the other boy's fingers, under a like direction? If this be so, the girl who lately had prayers put up in a Methodist meeting for success in a new undertaking, and who had bought a sixteenth in the lottery, had more reason for it than one would at first imagine. I suppose, then, you would infer, that those artists have not studied properly who do not succeed in painting; who, when they would produce the golden manner of Titian, paint foxy; when they attempt the silvery manner of Guido, the younger Teniers, and the younger Vanderveld, only attain to lead; who, when they would imitate the manner of Rubens, become spotty, tinted, and flaring; and when they copy Rembrandt or Lievens, fall into a rotten ripe manner. Where they would be delicate, they are feeble, and where bold, they are hard.

Miss *K.* Those are so unfortunate as to work without just thought, without science, without selection, without fixed principles. Those who are the greatest advocates for the notion, that particular persons are peculiarly gifted with genius, are such as have themselves the least pretensions to that quality. The highest authorities say, that the mind is but a barren soil in every human individual, and that what passes with the dull and ignorant for invention, is, in reality, but combination.

Miss *Eve.* You carry this idea even farther than Lord Chesterfield, who says, that an orator and other characters may be formed by proper culture; but here he stops—respecting a good poet, he admits, that *Poeta nascitur, non fit.* It is asserted, I know, by high authorities, that we have no innate ideas. In order, then, to acquire distinction, every thing must depend on getting into a well-directed mode of study. If this be true, it is very probable, that men most richly endowed by nature, often pass through the world unknown and unregarded by that world. Here are you, Miss K. only now at the rosy dawn of the spring of life, in the first bloom of youth and beauty; your time has been but very short. How is it that you so far excel all the painters of this country, and of every other at this time? Why are not such instances frequent? You prove to me the existence of genius, and almost induce me to believe, that departed spirits gain new bodies; that your's, by some mistake, escaped from the Lethean deep, and may be the same that

once animated the body of a Titian or a Rubens. As you have had no instructor in the arts, how did you first learn to know what great painters could be studied with most success?

Miss *K*. Few artists know how to study. In general, they suppose that imitation, in a confined sense of the word, is the grand desideratum. Engravers and such like may almost as well expect to rise to a high degree of eminence, and to eclipse Raphael, as these. About the year 1798, when I was about ten years of age, I happened to meet with Du Piles' Scale of Painters. He mentions the names of 56 of the best among the moderns, and classes them in rotation according to his estimate of their excellence in composition, design or drawing, colouring, and expression, those four great requisites of the art. This I found of great service to me. I divided this list into three parts, 20 as the good ones, 20 as middling, and the other 16 in a third class. Here is a list of the first 20. In this list perfection is supposed to be at 20, and the figures on the right hand of each column denote the degree to which the masters here mentioned are supposed to have attained.

COMPOSITION.		DESIGN OR DRAWING		COLOURING.		EXPRESSION.	
1. Rubens	18	1. Raphael	18	1. Titian	18	1. Raphael	18
2. Guercino		2. Buonarotti		2. Giorgione		2. Rubens	
3. Raphael	17	3. N. Poussin		3. Rubens		3. Dominichino	17
4. P. de Cortona		4. Polydori	17	4. Vandyke		4. Le Brun	16
5. Julio Romano		5. Dominichino		5. Rembrandt	17	5. N. Poussin	
6. Le Sueur		6. A. Caracci		6. Bassano		6. Polydori	15
7. A. Caracci	16	7. Julio Romano		7. Pordenone		7. Le Sueur	
8. L. da Vinci		8. L. da Vinci		8. P. Veronese		8. Julio Romano	14
9. Dominichino		9. Le Brun	16	9. Tintoret		9. A. Caracci	
10. N. Poussin		10. A. de Sarto		10. Baptist		10. Vandyke	
11. Primatticio		11. P. de Vaga		11. Holbein		11. Holbein	13
12. P. de Vaga		12. Titian		12. J. Jordaens	16	12. Venius	
13. P. Veronese		13. Testa		13. Elder Palma		13. Guido	
14. Tintoret	15	14. Le Sueur		14. Udine		14. Corregio	12
15. Vandyke		15. Parmegiano		15. Caravaggio		15. Rembrandt	
16. Rembrandt		16. Baroccio	15	16. Corregio		16. O. Venius	
17. Teniers		17. Pinni		17. Mutiano	15	17. Primatticio	10
18. Albano		18. Pourbus		18. Young. Palma		18. Baroccio	
19. Lanfranco	14	19. Venius		19. Diepenbeck	14	19. T. Zucchero	9
20. Baroccio		20. Volterra		20. J. Bellino		20. M. A. Buonarotti	8

JUNINUS.

FRAGMENTS FROM THE POCKET-BOOK OF AN AMATEUR.

PEWS IN CHURCHES.

THE practice of dividing off our churches into pews, must be confessed to be a very unfavourable circumstance with regard to architectural effect, which it, in some instances, tends materially to injure, as may be seen in the otherwise beautiful church of St. Stephen's Walbrook.

In order to convince ourselves how detrimental to beauty is this practice, let us, for a moment, suppose, that the nave of Westminster Abbey, or of any of our cathedrals, was fitted up, or rather encumbered, in a similar manner: the beauty of the lower part, at least, would be entirely destroyed, and the spectator no longer be able to command an

uninterrupted prospect. Yet, even independently of any consideration of beauty, the introduction of pews into a place of divine worship appers not to be very *decorous*, and may justly be reproved as a "custom more honoured in the breach than the observance." In the house of God, all worldly and secular distinctions ought to cease, and the meanest beggar should be at liberty to seat himself by the side of a man of wealth. Instead of which, we carry the idea of property even into our churches, and we should be nearly as much offended at a stranger entering into our pew uninvited, as into our drawing-room. From the ostentatious appearance of comfort which private pews often display, one might conclude, without any violent breach of charity, that the proprietors of such seats bestow rather too great attention on personal ease; whilst a cynical observer might hint, that the curtains were intended to screen from vulgar observation, not the fervour, but the remissness of their devotions, as well as occasional fits of somnolency, the effects not of too hearty a dinner, for no one dines now till after evening service, but of a drowsy sermon: yet, to speak more seriously, it were to be wished, that the opulent and luxurious would, while attending divine service, forbear to claim better accommodations than their poorer neighbours. We are not such Puritans as to condemn the prelate's stall, or episcopal splendour; yet most sincerely do we wish, that lay persons, of whatever rank, would, when they enter a place of worship, be content to leave their titles at the door, and consider themselves entitled to no more distinction than any other individual of a congregation, assembled not for the purpose of gratifying their vanity, but of uniting in prayer and supplication.

EPITAPHS

can hardly be too laconic. Brevity renders them not only more impressive, but easier to be retained by the memory. The virtues of the dead ought to be recorded, yet without that obsequious flattery which but too often disgusts in monumental inscriptions, and renders their veracity suspicious. Their titles, it is not equally necessary to display. Let us forbear to emblazon names which are already sunk in oblivion, or string a list of titles which the dead would reject with scorn. The shortest, yet perhaps the most comprehensive, epitaph ever written, is the following—"Fui Caius." It speaks volumes.

ARCHITECTURE.

The following passage in Eustace's *Classical Tour*, a work of recent, but well merited celebrity, is worthy to be remarked:—

"No art deserves more attention than architecture, because *no art is so often called into action, tends so much to the embellishment, or contributes more to the reputation of a country*. Had such a method of instruction as that which is here recommended, been adopted a century ago, the streets of London would not present so many shapeless buildings, raised at an enormous expence, as if designed for eternal monuments of the opulence and bad taste of the British nation. We should not see such a multitude of absurd edifices, under the names of

temples, ruins, &c. disgrace the scenery of England, so much admired by foreigners. In short, instead of allowing architects to pursue novelty at the expence of taste, and seek for reputation by adaptations and pretended improvements of their own invention, their employers should oblige them to adhere strictly to the ancients, and by adopting their forms and proportions, to adorn England with the noblest edifices of Greece and Italy.

"Of all the fine arts, architecture is that whose productions are most exposed to public view and observation. Those of painting may be said to be in comparative obscurity; its master-pieces, confined to the galleries and cabinets of the opulent, are secluded from the admiration of all but a favoured few. Public buildings, on the contrary, arrest the attention of the most superficial observer; they are the first objects which strike the traveller, and contribute no little to assist him in forming his opinion of the importance, wealth, and taste of a city; to a native they are attached by numberless associations, and, if he be a patriot as well as a man of taste, he contemplates their beauties with increased satisfaction when he reflects, that while they embellish his country, they are, at the same time, honourable monuments of its public spirit and national importance. If the advantages resulting to states from the cultivation and study of this art are great, they are not less to individuals. Home is endeared to every one by many ties; the art, therefore, which enables the man of fortune to embellish his residence, and render it not only convenient to himself, but attractive to others, is not to be disregarded. As a pursuit, it has not unfrequently been satirized as expensive, sometimes as ruinous. The same, however, may be said with equal justice of other pursuits, if carried to excess; and some, and those perhaps not the least fashionable, are hardly to be defended at all. Building has, at any rate, one circumstance in its favour, that it gives employment to a number of hands, and contributes to the support of many trades. The man who erects a palace may be said, in some degree, to benefit as well as adorn his country."

From the latter part of the passage above quoted, it should appear, that Mr. Eustace attributes the bad taste too often discovered in building, to architects themselves, rather than their employers; yet, I believe, it may be imputed to the latter as often as to the former. How often is the architect compelled, although with reluctance, to submit to the caprice of his employer; to behold his plans curtailed of their fair proportions and beauties, either by ignorance, whim, or parsimony. How many beautiful designs have been rejected for others inferior, if not diametrically opposite! and artists, with abilities which would enable them to become successful rivals of Palladio, Jones, Burlington, and Chambers, are not permitted to display them, but must either comply with the commands of ignorance and bad taste, or resign their employment to those who will. It must, nevertheless, be confessed, that professional men are perhaps rather too

servile in this respect, as well as too fond of capricious innovation, or else adhering too closely to precedent. To proscribe every species of innovation and departure from ancient models as indefensible, would be to prohibit all attempt at improvement upon received models, and to confine the limits of the arts too narrowly. It is the privilege of genius

"To snatch a grace beyond the rules of art."

Had deviation from received models never been allowed, many of the master-pieces of modern art had never existed, which, if they do not present the exact forms of antiquity, yet display a force of genius and a spirit not unworthy of the classic ages. The public has been just presented with a specimen of rejected Dramas: were architects to afford us in like manner an opportunity of beholding such of their designs as have met with a similar fate, and appeal from the judgment of individuals to that of the public, their reputation would perhaps, in many instances, be increased, and they might gain more applause from real judges, for what they would have performed, than all they may have executed besides.

SELECT VIEWS OF LONDON AND ITS ENVIRONS—DYER'S CAMBRIDGE.

The following extracts from a critique on this publication in one of the Literary Journals, are worthy of particular attention :—"Select views are announced to be *executed, in the very* BEST STYLE, *by Messrs. Storer and Greig*, who, we should presume, are engravers of some eminence, though we have never before had an opportunity of examining their works. As they assume great pomposity in their advertisements, and are unqualified in their professions to the public, we are induced to investigate the work with a degree of particularity which perhaps it is not intrinsically entitled to, but which its title and exterior demand. We expected to find it replete with highly finished engravings of the most interesting and beautiful structures in London and its vicinity.——Here we pause, for we are tired to examine any more such '*Select Views*' as these. If by select, the compilers meant to choose such subjects as are totally uninteresting, unpicturesque (if we may be allowed the expression), and completely devoid of beauty or elegance, they have superlatively succeeded. But it may be asked, *Is this what a country gentleman, or a foreigner, would expect in purchasing such a work?* Surely not. These persons would expect, as we did, to find the most *interesting buildings* of the British metropolis represented in the best points of view, and drawn and engraved with accuracy and taste."

The writer then proceeds to animadvert on the pompous professions of the editors, which they so ill fulfil. It is to be hoped, that his remarks will not prove altogether fuitless, but will teach future editors and publishers of similar works to be more cautious, teach them to promise less and perform more, and shew greater discrimination in the choice of subjects. What idea could a foreigner possibly form of our metropolis and its environs, when it could afford no better objects for delineation than those choice and *select* specimens of architecture, both ancient

and modern, when the sagacity of Messrs. Storer and Greig could discover no edifices more worthy of their talents than such as Mark Hall, Essex (a singularly uninteresting building); Lambeth Palace, from the gardens (as hideous an edifice as they could well have chosen); Lollard's Tower, Bow Bridge, Cannonbury-House, &c. &c.? Did these gentlemen not know that such buildings as Burlington-House, Whitehall, the Trinity-House, Somerset-House, Clerkenwell Sessions-House, St. Martin's Church, Lansdowne and Northumberland Houses, Portland and Stratford Places, &c. exist? or had they not penetration to discover more magnificence and elegance in such buildings, than in old walls and houses falling to decay? By what chance (for it could hardly be designed) did they meet with Greenwich Hospital?

Another work has lately appeared, embellished with engravings by Mr. Greig, Dyer's *History of Cambridge*. The view of the new building at King's College is one of the best: those of Downing College and the Senate-House (that elegant piece of architecture) are absolutely contemptible, and would be no ornament to a common Cambridge Guide. No view is given of the chapel of Clare Hall, though Mr. D. himself allows that it is entitled to unmingled praise. "It is of the Corinthian order; and the proper ornaments of that order, the highly finished stucco-work of the ceiling, the neat wainscoting, the fine painting of the Salutation by Cipriani, the elegant altar-piece, together with an excellent organ, and, above all, the admirable cupola in the ante-chapel, all conspire to render this one of the things the most complete, and most to be admired among all our colleges." Neither do we find any biography of Sir James Burroughs, Master of Caius College, who was the architect of this chapel and of the Senate-House, two of the greatest modern ornaments of the University.

THE MOOR'S REVENGE.

(Concluded from p. 81.)

SUCH was the state of Carlos when he saw his friend enter the room. "O Carlos," said the trembling Alonzo, "what is thy decision?" Carlos was silent. "O Carlos," continued his friend, "how I suffer on account of this misfortune, which I, alas! perhaps greatly aggravate. Thou gavest me a charge to watch over Leonora; but how could I withstand her charms? Curse me if thou wilt, but exhibit to the whole world an example of the sacredness of friendship!"—"Thou accusest thyself unjustly," replied Carlos. "Alvarez alone is the cause of my misery. Cruel, cruel Alvarez! As to what concerns thee, Alonzo, I have none but myself to blame, because I exposed thee to a danger in which thy virtue could not fail to be overcome, though I had a presentiment of the dreadful trial which I was bringing upon thee. Who, indeed, could resist the charms of Leonora? My

heart, which adores her, pleads for thee and excuses thy love."

"Oh!" cried Alonzo, "thou wishest to palliate the enormity of my conduct, but imagine not that I am insensible of it. Forgive me, and be as magnanimous as I am abandoned."—"Forgive thee," said Carlos—"thee, my friend, who didst but this morning reject Leonora, though glowing with love for thee? Thou wast capable, my all-perfect friend, to withstand such a profusion of charms, and to guard thy heart against such sweet seductions. From this moment, Alonzo, I live for thee alone. Thy happiness shall be my only wish, my only object."—"O Carlos," rejoined Alonzo, pressing his hand, "that thou couldst but see my inmost soul; thou wouldst then find how entirely thou reignest there."—"My friend," said Carlos, interrupting him, "thou weepest, thou pressest me tenderly to thy bosom, thou seemest penetrated with profound grief; this is not right, my dear Alonzo! Thou thinkest ill of me, since thou scruplest to pour out thy heart, oppressed with sorrow, to thy friend. Hast thou forgotten the ties that so closely united us? Liberty, nay life itself, are the smallest proofs of thy friendship."—"O my friend," exclaimed Alonzo, "how painful it is to prefer a request, when we are certain beforehand that it will be granted."—"Dost thou then confess that thou hast something to ask of me?"—"Nothing, upon my honour!"—"Well then, if thy generous nature will not yield so far as to ask any one thing of me, still I will comply with thy wish."—"Carlos, I understand thee not."—"Then listen to what I say. My unpropitious stars deprive me of her for whom alone I wished to live. Let me now do what reason commands. As I cannot marry Leonora, she is thine. But, O my friend, bestow on her all thy attention. Consider the weakness of a female—always unsteady, inconstant even in the bosom of prosperity, it seems as if Heaven had taken pleasure in forming the heart of woman for pain, that she might never be more beautiful than when suffused with tears. Be her guardian angel—continue my friend. May she be happy! O promise me to make Leonora happy!"—"What, Carlos, couldst thou really give her up?"—"I have given her up—I have given her to thee. Believe me, I am sincere. I do no more than what is just. Wouldst not thou have sacrificed her to me? I only imitate a virtue of which thou gavest me the example."

Alonzo would have replied, but the violence of his feelings checked his utterance. His silence and his tears alone expressed his gratitude. Carlos left his friend in a confusion which no language can describe, and hastened to Leonora. He found her soul in the same commotion as those of the two friends who were contending for the possession of her. Her feelings as a woman and her vanity were equally hurt by Alonzo's behaviour; but love pleaded and was heard. Alonzo soon appeared to her only so much the more amiable, so much the more intoxicated with passion. It was not long before Leonora and Alonzo were united. Their happiness was not disturbed even by the miserable situation of Carlos, with which they could not help secretly re-

proaching themselves. Carlos, nevertheless, appeared tranquil; he seemed to forget all his anguish in the happiness of his friend. This happiness, however, was not destined to be of long duration. A letter from Carlos to Leonora, containing protestations of everlasting love, fell into Alonzo's hands. What a baleful light burst suddenly upon him! He was forcibly reminded of the ardour with which they had been mutually attached. He beheld in their separation nothing but a command of Alvarez, and in the generosity of Carlos only a cloak necessary for their love. Beside himself with rage, he sent for Zanga, and showed him the intercepted letter. Zanga read it with looks of indignation at the unworthy deception; as he proceeded, he manifested still stronger demonstrations of anger, and tore the paper. Soon, however, restraining his emotion, with apparent effort he regained his composure, and eloquently strove to eradicate all suspicion from the deeply wounded soul of Alonzo. The latter felt some satisfaction in the idea that he was not blindly duped. A few days afterwards he accidently perceived in Leonora's apartment a beautiful little box which he had never seen before. He examined it, and found it locked. Suspecting that it might contain something that was not intended to be seen by him, he broke it open, and discovered a portrait of Carlos. His jealousy was inflamed to the highest pitch. Zanga again strove to sooth him, but in vain. This portrait might, for ought he knew, have been a long time in Leonora's hands. Nothing would pacify him. Zanga proposed that he should leave Leonora for a few days, and promised during his absence to keep a watchful eye upon all her actions. The grateful Alonzo embraced his dear Zanga, and set out the next morning for Valladolid. Oppressed by his racking doubts and tortured by jealousy, he could not long remain there, and returned to Madrid. Zanga met him with a look of embarrassment. Alonzo read in his eyes the dreaded misfortune. In vain Zanga strove to conceal it. Alonzo entreated, he forced him to give a minute account of all that had passed; and this account left him no room to doubt that Leonora, the hypocrite, was faithless.

Guilt easily insinuates itself into a soul which is swayed by jealousy. The unhappy Alonzo now considers the death of Carlos as a sacrifice due to justice. He dooms him to die by the hand of Zanga, while he himself undertakes the punishment of his adulterous wife. He arms himself with a dagger and goes to the chamber of Leonora. He finds her asleep, and is astonished that her guilty conscience will allow her to enjoy repose. Her exquisite beauty checks his hand. What! shall he pierce that bosom which he has a thousand times covered with kisses? At length he musters all his firmness against these fascinations. He advances nearer and averts his face. The dagger is drawn. At this moment Leonora wakes. "What do I see?" cries she. Alonzo loaded her with the bitterest reproaches. "Can you doubt my fidelity?" said Leonora. "Would you—my husband—put me to death? What moment of my life has not proved the ex-

cess of my fondness for you? What have I done amiss?"—"O deceitful sex!" cried the jealous Alonzo, "this is your wily language! Wanton woman, who told you that I sought your life? who informed you that I suspect your virtue? Not this dagger, but your guilty conscience!"—"O Heaven!" rejoined Leonora, "fain would I doubt what I hear; but, barbarous man, you compel me to believe the evidence of my senses. Alonzo, you will repent it."—"Silence!" cried Alonzo. "In vain you strive to conceal your crime. I am not to be deceived by your artifices."—"My artifices!" retorted Leonora with just indignation.—"Yes," replied Alonzo: "imagine not that tears will sooth me."—"It is beneath me to make you any further reply, unreasonable, infuriated man."

Alonzo, to convict her of her infidelity, now showed her the portrait of Carlos. Leonora took it, and surveyed it for some time. "Yes," said she; "it is Carlos. He indeed would have made me happy."—"Well, faithless woman, will you now confess your criminal passion?"—"What! do you still persist in your unfounded accusation?"—"How, unfounded! Have you not violated the most sacred oath? Deny no longer, base hypocrite!"—"Be it so then!" cried Leonora, snatching the dagger from his hand and plunging it into her breast. "May this stroke reach your heart!" She fell into her husband's arms, and mustering all her remaining strength, with difficulty articulated—"Thus only can I revenge myself on you, O most unjust of husbands! Now believe me to be guilty, if you will."—With these words she expired. Alonzo's eyes were fixed with a vacant stare on the body of his lovely victim. He sunk in despair beside her, crying, "Forgive me, spotless angel!" At length he sprung up and began to think of revenge, when Zanga entered with his hands imbrued in the blood of the innocent Carlos. "O Zanga!" cried Alonzo.—"Tremble not," answered Zanga; "but speak! do you weep?"—"Have I not reason?"—"More than you imagine, for I have deceived you." —"Is it a dream, or do I wake?" —"It is all reality, Alonzo. Now know that your wife was innocent. I persuaded Carlos to give up Leonora to you; I fabricated the letter; I threw the portrait of Carlos into your way; I hated, I despised you, and I have found means to plunge you, both soul and body, into everlasting perdition."—"Inhuman slave!"—"Reprobate Christian! know you not who I am?"—"A Moor, a slave."—"Woe be to him that made a slave of me! my revenge is gratified. What could you expect, weak man, of the son of a prince, whose father and whose brothers fell beneath your sword; whose country was laid waste by your fury; who was robbed by you of his dignity and his splendour? What is now left me of the rank to which my birth entitled me? Nothing but the remembrance—yet also the revenge; no treasures but your anguish and lamentations. When you are asked, who plunged you into such boundless misery—say it was Zanga, the Moor, the irreconcileable Moor. When the cold Europeans condemn my conduct, teach them to refrain from judging men who far surpass them

in qualities of the heart and mind —souls of fire, who consider revenge on inhuman enemies as a virtue."

Zanga, with a hideous sarcastic grin, now buried the dagger in his breast, and set the unfortunate Spaniard an example, which he, bereft of the consolations of friendship and of love, immediately followed.

NARRATIVE OF A TOUR FROM PARIS TO NICE.

(Continued from p. 93.)

We then pursued our journey through a fine hilly country and several opulent villages to Chalons. That town is seated in a beautiful, fertile plain on the Saone, and at the mouth of the Canal du Centre, which connects that river with the Loire. As the passage up the Saone is very agreeable, we resolved to proceed by water to Maçon, which we did in the ordinary passage-vessel, or *diligence d'eau*, as it is here termed. We found, however, but little opportunity for observations. The situation of Tournus only is, properly speaking, picturesque; but it is a pity that the place has no quays. We met several vessels laden with wine and corn, all going to Chalons, which is the staple-town for those productions. Maçon stands on the declivity of a hill, and has a very dull and dirty appearance. I must, however, except the quay along the Saone, which is lined with handsome houses and produces a very pleasing effect. The trade in the wines of the country is the principal source of subsistence to the inhabitants. They are all in great request as cheap and wholesome table-wines. We here became acquainted with a method of preventing hail-storms, which is said scarcely ever to fail. When hail-clouds are observed collecting, large mortars are repeatedly discharged, and by these means the clouds are dispersed. Beyond Maçon the banks of the Saone become far more romantic; we therefore resolved to proceed by water to Lyons. The right bank, in particular, affords the most charming views, and is finely wooded. We passed several villages, dined in one of them, called Riotier, and then came to Trevoux, which is most picturesquely and agreeably situated. The last station before you reach Lyons, is Neuville, a large, flourishing village, two leagues from that city. We met several small flotillas working up the river. They commonly consisted of one or more large vessels, to which ten or twelve smaller were attached, and in this manner towed against the current by a team of fourteen or sixteen horses. They were chiefly laden with wine, soap, stone for building, &c. The channel of the Saone soon grows narrower, and the left bank is covered with the most charming villas and plantations. Still nearer the city we saw the delicious, romantic island of St. Barbe, and at length safely landed at the quay of the Saone.

Lyons is an extremely interesting, but, upon the whole, by no means a handsome city. Only those

quarters contiguous to the Rhone, and especially the quays, can boast of any elegance or architectural beauty. These quays command enchanting prospects of a romantic country, and are therefore much frequented as an evening promenade. A beginning has been made to plant them with trees; but the violent winds from the Rhone seem detrimental to their growth. The new quarter at the confluence of the Rhone and Saone, excites admiration. Up to the present time, 200 fathoms of ground have been gained, but it is doubtful whether the whole plan will ever be carried into effect. It is, indeed, the only means of enlarging the city, surrounded as it is on all sides by hills and rivers. Forty years ago, when it was first begun, Lyons had a very different population from what it has at present. Meanwhile this spot is planted with fine alleys of poplars, and known by the appellation of *Allées de Perrache.*

The environs of Lyons are extremely pleasant, especially on the south side of the city, along the right bank of the Rhone. The months of September and October are here accounted the most agreeable part of the year, as the winter is in general very severe, and the summer very hot. The manufactures of Lyons have somewhat recovered from the total stagnation into which they fell during the Revolution. The situation of this place for trade is unique in its kind; it is seated in the centre of the communications of Switzerland, Italy, Spain, and Germany. As a manufacturing city, Lyons has a number of institutions for the sick and indigent; the regulations of which, however, are not always the most judicious. Neither is there any want of literary resources, though the spirit of trade naturally predominates. The water of the Rhone is exclusively used for drinking, that of the Saone being too turbid and unwholesome: it is said, however, to be excellent for dyeing. The hill of Fourvieres, with its terrace, is the best point of view from which the whole of the Alps may be seen as in a panorama.

We were so much pleased with our passage by water, that we resolved to proceed in this manner to Avignon. The first day's journey, however, presented nothing worthy of notice. We passed many chateaux, villas, and villages, and slept at Loire, a village on the right bank of the river. The next morning we crossed over to Vienne, and devoted half a day to that town. It is cooped up between a hill and the Rhone, and when you are in it, has a very ancient and dull appearance. The antiquary may here find Roman monuments, especially inscriptions, in abundance. The environs are pleasant, and produce plenty of wine, corn, and vegetables. Just behind Vienne the hills open and form a narrow, dismal valley, traversed by the Geré, which is not frozen in the hardest winters. Here are many manufactories, all the machinery of which is worked by the Geré.

In the afternoon we went aboard again, and advanced amidst beautiful landscapes to Condrieux, after passing Ampuis, which is seated on a narrow promontory. This whole district is remarkable for its fertility. The produce of the melons and the kernel fruit alone is

said to be sufficient to pay all the taxes. Above this promontory rises a hill, which screens it from the north and west winds, and is highly favourable to vegetation. Near Ampuis is also cultivated the excellent kind of chesnuts known in commerce by the name of *Marrons de Lyon*. Condrieux itself is at some distance from the river, but the harbour is very commodious. The whole town is inhabited by watermen who navigate the Rhone, dealers in wine, and vine-dressers. The profits accruing from the sale and carriage of all the wines known by the names of *Vins de la Côte du Rhone, de Côte Rotie, d'Ampuis, de Condrieux*, &c. form the chief branch of their subsistence. To our astonishment, we had no more than 20 sous to pay here upon the spot for a bottle of the best old Condrieux, which, considering the excellence of this lively liquor, we thought extremely cheap. The foot of the vine-hills is covered with fields of wheat and vegetables. The former are manured with horn-shavings, and are remarkable for their fertility.

On the third day, after passing St. Vallier, we first came to Tournon, where there is a very good academical institution. In the afternoon we crossed over upon business to the left bank, to Tain, which lies exactly opposite to Tournon. Behind this town rises the hill which produces the celebrated Hermitage Wine, instead of which another reddish sort is generally sold to strangers. Here we were obliged, against our will, to pass the night, on which account we started next morning as early as possible. Proceeding through a charming country, and having Mont Ventoux all the way in front of us, we arrived, after a passage of three hours, at Valence. This town stands on the declivity of a hill near the Rhone, has a beautiful plain in front, displays some marks of opulence, and is the seat of a prefecture. The whole of the adjacent country is covered with admirable plantations, and intersected by numberless canals, so that you are strongly reminded of Spanish Valencia. On the opposite, or right bank of the Rhone, lies St. Peray, whose wines are in high repute. The communication between these two places is by means of a ferry, which is kept in constant motion the whole day. Leaving Valence, we came, in about an hour, to the village of Ancone, which is most pleasantly situated, and has a good inn; but we preferred sleeping at Montelimart, only half a league distant, and accordingly proceeded thither on foot.

Montelimart is an agreeable and well built town, where many respectable Protestant families reside. The country here forms a narrow valley, bounded on one side by the Rhone, and on the other by lofty hills. The climate is, in consequence, so extremely mild, that orange-trees are seen growing in the open air. Several other beautiful plants of the south demonstrate the warmth of this valley. We found the scenery every where romantic, at least charmingly diversified; and then, what a luxuriant vegetation! what fertility! To these effects the little rivers Roubion and Jabron particularly contribute; those streams unite

under the walls of the town, and are encompassed with beautiful meadows and plantations. The chief occupation of the inhabitants of Montelimart is the culture of silk, and there are several silk-manufactories in the place. Our fifth day's journey was very interesting, as the banks of the Rhone became highly picturesque. We passed Viviers, and under the bridge of St. Esprit. With experienced watermen, this is not attended with any danger, if the steersman only takes his measures in time. This beautiful bridge is supported by twenty-six arches, but is rather narrow, so that two carriages can scarcely pass one another; but it should be recollected, that, at the time of its erection (from 1265 to 1309), there were no coaches or other vehicles of the kind, that ladies as well as men travelled on horseback, and that the carriage of goods was performed by mules. The beautiful prospects continued; we saw Orange and Courthezon, and at length discovered Avignon, with its lofty embattled walls, its numberless steeples, and its castle seated upon a rock. We now passed the great island of the Rhone, and landed on the busy quay.

The interior of Avignon does not answer the expectations excited by the distant view of the city. Most of the streets are narrow and crooked, and the houses in general make but an indifferent appearance. You find, however, a couple of wide streets, and some very fine buildings in the Italian style. The climate in summer is extremely hot, in winter very cold, and, upon the whole, very changeable. The heat sometimes rises to 25°, and the cold to 12°; and the temperature varies in a few hours from 10° to 12°. Living is far from being cheap here; because all kinds of necessaries must be procured from the neighbouring departments. The balance, however, is in favour of Avignon, as it pays for them with its own productions and manufactures. To the former belong truffles, wax, honey, saffron, clover, &c.; to the latter taffety, cottons, vitriol, aquafortis, and spirit of lavender. Avignon is one of the few towns of France whose manufactures have increased since the Revolution. Before that event, all the inhabitants lived upon the papal government; necessity now compels them to be industrious. During our stay here we had occasion to cross over to Villeneuve, two leagues distant, on the right bank of the Rhone. It is a small lively town, which principally derives its subsistence from the passage of the river. When the *mistral* blows, and the mighty stream is disturbed, it is often impossible to cross for several days together. Nothing can be conceived more vehement than this north-east wind rushing from the valley of the Rhone. At the same time it is a benefit to these parts, as it removes the humidity. Avignon has very fine walks along the Rhone, and seems, upon the whole, to be improving. The Jewesses of this city are remarkably beautiful, and the faces of the other women have something of an Italian air. Many fine pictures were formerly to be seen in the churches here; but they have all disappeared, with the exception of a few, which are now in

the Museum. Before the Revolution, the printing of spurious editions of French books was carried on to a great extent at Avignon, and the business was openly encouraged; but since its incorporation with France, this practice has not been so openly pursued. Many pirated books, however, are still printed here in secret, and this accounts for the low prices at which the best works may be purchased at the booksellers' shops in this city.

About two leagues beyond Avignon, we had to cross the Durance. This rapid stream frequently overflows its banks, and hence the whole neighbouring plain is covered with sand and gravel. Proceeding through a diversified country, we came to Lambesc, a very pretty little town, seated in a charming plain. The corn-fields and vineyards are shaded with innumerable olive-trees. This may, with propriety, be termed the oil district of France. Among the flocks of sheep that we met, we could not help remarking several that had been shorn, on account of their singular decoration. It consisted of two, four, six, and even twelve distinct tufts of wool, left mostly in a certain order, which looked extremely pretty. This distinction is allotted only to the favourites of the shepherds. Aix, where we next arrived, produces a very agreeable impression on strangers. The climate here is very hot, and yet in winter it is disproportionably cold, and when the *mistral* blows, it freezes very severely. Though the plain is highly cultivated, it affords but little shade, an advantage which a few villas only can boast of. Among these, Tholonet, belonging to a M. de Gallifet, must incontestibly be accounted the finest. It has a superb terrace, planted with thick chesnut trees, and having fine pieces of water on either side. As the higher classes of the inhabitants are not excluded from this chateau, it is often frequented by company, and on Sundays in particular there is a good deal of dancing on the terrace. The tone of society at Aix seemed to be very good, and more of the urbanity of the old school has been retained here than in other places. The city, however, is greatly upon the decline. The loss of a parliament, an university, and a numerous and opulent noblesse, is not so easily compensated. The oil trade, the dye-houses, and some cotton-manufactures, are almost the only sources of subsistence possessed by the people of Aix.

Next morning we set out for Marseilles. The country is fertile, but destitute of shade. With double pleasure, therefore, the stranger saunters in the alleys belonging to the chateau Albertras. The road rises, and you perceive from the air that you are approaching the coast. At length you reach the most elevated point, and a vast prospect expands before you. Sea, mountains, city, and country, all appear in resplendent grandeur and magnificence — the azure waves, the dark mountains, the grey masses of houses, the verdant country, studded with thousands of *bastides* (villas), in the midst of them the port with its forest of masts, the forts, the islands, the coast melting into air, and a boundless horizon. You then descend, while

on either hand you perceive country-houses, with plantations of vines, olives, and almond-trees; and proceeding chiefly between garden-walls through an extensive suburb, you at length enter the city of Marseilles.

Nothing can be more regular or beautiful than the lower part of this city round about the harbour; nothing more execrable than the upper, which stands above it. The same bustle prevails in both—here commerce, there manufactures—here all that belongs to a maritime life, there the shops and trades common to great cities. Here all is luxury, and the cookery of Provence seemed to us to deserve its reputation. We learned, to our astonishment, that the frost here is sometimes very intense. This occasionally happens even after the beginning of February, when the *mistral* blows for a long time together. Marseilles possesses all the resources of a great city; but, before the fall of Bonaparte, the inhabitants felt that the sea was not open. We visited the library, the botanic garden, the observatory, and other remarkable objects. The platform of the observatory commands a good prospect of the city, but the fort of Notre Dame affords a still better point of view. You must not expect a picturesque country; the whole is highly cultivated, but trees are a rarity. The greatest number of chesnut and plantain-trees are about the more elevated villas, at Eygueládes, where they are refreshed by the waters of a rivulet. Several of these mansions are said to be surrounded with noble terraces planted with trees and shady parks. The quays, especially on the right of the port, afford an agreeable promenade. We were still better pleased with the *Cours* and the alleys of Meilhan. The latter are situated at the eastern extremity of the city, and are bordered by handsome houses. This is considered as the most healthy quarter of Marseilles. From the *Tourette*, or the old rampart, you enjoy a fine prospect over the whole gulf, and breathe the refreshing sea air, pure and unadulterated. At the end of it stands the lazaretto, some part of which you are allowed to inspect. There is another promenade behind fort St. Nicholas, on the left side of the port, but the trees do not thrive there. I should imagine, from all I have seen of Marseilles, that it must be intolerable in summer to a native of the north; the people here are strangers to our stately trees, and indeed they feel no want of them. In other respects, none of the enjoyments of life are wanting in this city; but it is a dear place to live at, especially in regard to the articles of lodging and clothes.

(To be concluded in our next.)

A GOOD HEART MAKES AMENDS FOR OCCASIONAL INDISCRETIONS.

"WELL, I've got through that job," said young Charlemont as he signed a letter; "now, let's see how it reads!

"*Dear Uncle,*

"You maintained that it was impossible for me to live eight days without doing some foolish

thing or other. I have presumed to refute this assertion; for seven days and a half are past, and all that time is not marked by one single imprudence. Your amiable daughter will of course be mine. You promised her to me as the reward of discreet conduct during eight successive days, the last of which is now drawing near to its ardently wished-for conclusion. You will ask how I have contrived to be prudent and rational for so long a period. I will tell you. All this time I have never quitted my room, and the door has been shut to all my friends. In so doing you must admit I have shown no small degree of discretion. Love has made me wise, and the reflections which I have had occasion to make during my seclusion, will remain deeply impressed upon my mind. Only come and see the philosopher. Come and behold the fruit of my solitude. The God of love himself has guided my pencil. You will be astonished at the likeness. The original, though absent, is never out of my thoughts. In an hour at farthest I shall have paid all my creditors; and I fancy that I shall have very little left out of the thousand pounds which you lent me to settle my affairs. I am, &c. . . . . . .

"I think this letter will do; it may go directly—how uncle will be surprised!"—So saying he rang the bell, and in came the valet, to whom his master delivered the letter. "You will be glad, John, to have an opportunity of going out, for I dare say you are rather tired of solitude as well as your master." —"O no, sir, I am never tired in good company." — "As to your company, I know you are not very nice on that point: if you can't find good, you will put up with bad."—"A sensible man, sir, knows how to suit himself to circumstances. Good company is preferable to be sure, but bad is very often the most entertaining."—"An't you glad then to see your sweetheart Betty, Sophia's pretty maid?"—"I've seen her almost every day; I was desired not to tell you, but between ourselves, she was sent by her mistress to enquire about you. I told her every time in what an exemplary manner you conducted yourself. Betty has not the honour to know you, sir, but she took me at my word, and joyfully hastened with her message to her beautiful mistress."—"John, you're a good fellow. When I am married, I'll make a man of you." —"Shall you soon be married?"—"To-morrow, my dear fellow, to-morrow! My uncle you know has put my discretion to the trial for eight days, and promised me the hand of his daughter as the reward of my prudence. For seven days and a half I have been as wise as Socrates or Plato, and to-night, thank God, the time expires."—"Would to heaven," cried John, "that morrow were here!"—"We have won, my boy," exultingly replied Charlemont, "for it is but six hours till night."—"Ah! but in six hours a man may do many foolish things."—"Pooh! blockhead, he who has been prudent seven days and a half, is surely able to answer for his conduct for six hours.

"When you have delivered this letter to my uncle," continued Charlemont, "go to Signor Galoni, my tailor, and to Messrs. Shark

and Bloodsucker, the two honest bill-brokers, who out of pure kindness accommodate me with money at an interest of 30 per cent. and tell them to bring me their accounts, which I will discharge."—"They will have no objection to that."—"Then go to Cunningham, and say I shall be glad if he would give me a call. The danger is now over, and I may open my door again to my friends."—"What, am I to go to Mr. Cunningham, the passionate gentleman, with whom you had such a violent quarrel a few weeks since, and the marks of whose . . . ." —"Pshaw! that's long forgotten, we are now the best friends in the world again. Only begone and do what I bid you."

The valet obeyed, and the involuntary recluse had just resigned himself once more to his philosophical meditations, when who should enter the room but Cunningham himself. His whole appearance denoted extreme agitation. "There you are," cried Charlemont, cordially offering him his hand. "I am heartily glad to see you, my dear fellow! . . . . .But what's the matter? You look quite dismal! what can ail you?"—"Save me, save me from worse than death!" rejoined Cunningham.—"What can I do for you? only command me." Sighs were the only answer. "But speak—for God's sake speak! I am upon thorns."—"Charlemont, I am in love—I love to distraction." "Very right, that's the only way people ought to love."—"My charmer is the youngest of the Graces."—"I congratulate you with all my heart."—"She returns my passion." —"So much the better, my boy; so much the better!"—"But her guardian is an odious fellow, an absolute bear. Many years ago he was engaged in a lawsuit against my father, and because he lost it, he now revenges himself upon the son by refusing me the hand of his adored Angelica."—"I'll tell you what, Cunningham: you must persuade your darling to elope with you."—"That's done already."—"Bravo!"—"Then you approve my conduct?"—"I would have done just the same myself. Ah! Cunningham, what happiness there must be in carrying off the girl one loves and by whom one is beloved!" —"At this moment you see me in the most cruel dilemma: I know not where I shall conceal my divine Angelica, till the first search after her shall be over. Would to heaven I could but hide her somewhere for two or three hours! I would in the mean time contrive to set all my relations upon the hard-hearted guardian. The Demosthenian eloquence of my old aunt should soon convince him, that, under such circumstances, the best way would be to give his consent to our union. Could I but tell what to do in the mean time with my beloved Angelica!"—"Well, but why puzzle your brains about that? can't you bring her to me?"—"To you?"—"My life for't, she shall suffer no harm!"—"Are you serious, Charlemont?"—"Perfectly so."—"You are the most obliging of friends."—"You would do as much for me, I'm sure."—"I may fetch her then?"—"Of course."—Cunningham hastily departed.

"Admirable indeed!" said Charlemont pacing the floor; "there is nothing in the world like such an

adventure. It affords amusement, occupation, and at least produces some variety in the last hours of these eight days passed in monastic seclusion. Ah! my dear uncle, if your charming Sophia had but allowed me to run away with her, how much more agreeable that would have been than to be obliged to act the philosopher for eight dreary, endless days!" Such was the exordium of a pretty long soliloquy, in which Charlemont bitterly bewailed the necessity of being steady for such an unreasonable period; and it is impossible to say when he would have ceased his complaints, had he not been interrupted in the midst of them by the entrance of the lovers. A thick veil covered the face of the trembling Angelica. All her motions indicated anxiety and apprehension. Charlemont saluted her with great respect. "Madam," said he, "command every accommodation that my apartments afford. "In the adjoining room you will find a tolerable collection of works in the belles lettres, with which you can amuse yourself. Nobody shall disturb you. Not a creature shall be admitted as long as you do me the honour to remain here." A silent bow expressed Angelica's thanks. Cunningham then addressed his friend:—"To your keeping," said he, "I entrust my happiness and all that is dear to me."—"Your treasure," replied Charlemont, "is under the protection of love and friendship. The portrait of my charmer is in that room; my Sophia protects your Angelica."—"Excellent creature," exclaimed Cunningham, "I have no occasion to beg you to observe the profoundest silence. Farewell! I must leave you for a few hours; and as for you, darling girl, endeavour to compose yourself. I will throw myself at the feet of your guardian, and strive to soften his obdurate heart. You are in the care of the most constant, the most generous of friends."

As soon as Cunningham was gone, Charlemont went up to the lady, who seemed violently agitated. He summoned all his eloquence to calm her spirits. "Madam," said he, "never was woman so sincerely loved as you. It is impossible to commend you too highly for the step you have taken. Cunningham is an excellent young man, of the strictest honour, possessing a good understanding, a cultivated mind, polished taste, and the most amiable manners. He is fond of play, good living, pleasure, the ladies, in short, of every thing that is lovely and agreeable. I pledge my life that you will be extremely happy with him. Indeed it was the wisest thing you could have done, to elope with him."—"But, sir," rejoined the lady, whose face was still covered with her veil, "will the world approve of my conduct?"—"I will undertake to justify it to the world, and so I am certain, will every man of honour. And tell me yourself, what is it that is called the world? Are we to sacrifice our happiness to the opinion of an unsubstantial shadow, a changeable thing eternally at variance with itself?......But I hear some one coming. Run into this room."—"O! if I should be discovered......"—"Never fear; I will be answerable for your safety."

The unseasonable intruder was

the faithful John, who, with evident self-satisfaction, immediately began to make his report to his master. He related that he had been to his uncle, who, delighted with his conduct, would doubtless soon come himself to see him; that he had called upon his creditors, and when he talked to them about payment, he thought they would have almost squeezed him to death for joy; they might be expected every moment. John's report was interrupted by a rap at the door. "See who it is," said Charlemont, "and let it be who it will besides my uncle or my creditors, tell them that I am particularly engaged. I cannot possibly see any body else." John returned and informed his master that is was Mr. Verney, one of his intimate friends. "I cannot see him," replied Charlemont. "He says that he must speak to you, sir."—"Tell him it is impossible." At these words, Verney entered the room. The deepest melancholy was imprinted on his countenance. Charlemont accosted him rather gruffly. "Upon my honour, my dear fellow, you come rather unseasonably"—"If that is the case," replied Verney, in a tone of deep dejection, "I will go again."—"To-morrow I shall be at your service the whole day, but now I have not a minute to spare."—"To-morrow it will be too late."—"How so? What is the matter then? Have you met with some misfortune?"—"I placed my reliance on you, and you turn your back on me."—"By no means; only tell me what is the matter."—"My resolution is fixed; you will never see me again. Farewell."—"No, no, don't go yet; let me know what brought you hither. What can have happened to make such a sudden alteration in you who were all life and spirits?"—"I am the most miserable of wretches, and you refuse to see me."—"Don't be angry, my dear friend, I did not know that you were in trouble. Make me acquainted with the cause of it; I will hear you patiently."—"Will you promise never to divulge what I am going to tell you."—"You may rely upon my honour."—"Well then, I was prevailed upon yesterday to play for the first time in my life."—"And you have lost?"—"Yes, a considerable sum, which I have solemnly promised to pay to day."—"The devil take gaming; one is always sure to lose."—"I dare not mention it to my father; and I have not a single farthing. If he should hear that I have been gaming I am ruined, and if I cannot pay my debt I am disgraced."

"Is it much?"—"A thousand pounds."—"Then, my dear friend, I can help you out, I just now happen to have that sum by me; there it is; take it and pay your debt. Faith! it is a most fortunate circumstance that you did not lose more."—"You restore me to honour and life. But for your generous aid, I should have had no other alternative than to put an end to my miserable existence."—"O nonsense! any of your other friends would have done the same for you; but I am heartily glad that you gave me the preference. Now go and discharge your debt, for I have some business which will not allow me to attend to you any longer just now."

(To be continued.)

ACCOUNT OF RUDOLPH STADLER.

In the fine suburb of the city of Ispahan called Zulpha, celebrated for the opulence and extensive commerce of the Armenians, by whom it is inhabited, in the burial-ground of one of the twelve churches of this suburb, stands a remarkable sepulchral monument, consisting of a cupola supported by four pillars of polished stone. This is the spot where repose the remains of Rudolph Stadler, a man whose fate cannot fail to excite the sympathy of our readers.

Stadler was born in 1609, in the town of Stein on the Rhine, at that time belonging to the canton of Zurich, of which his father was the chief magistrate. Rudolph, rather from predilection than necessity, learned the art of watch-making, and soon distinguished himself by his genius for mechanics. In the retinue of his friend and countryman, Baron John Rudolph Schmidt von Schwarzenhorn, sent by the court of Vienna as ambassador to Turkey, he went to Constantinople. Here he formed an acquaintance with Tavernier, the celebrated traveller, who took him along with him to Ispahan. A watchmaker was a phenomenon that had never yet been seen in Persia, and Stadler soon acquired a brilliant reputation in that country. He had with him a small repeater, about the size of a crown-piece. The Chan of Schiraz bought it, and presented it to the then King of Persia, Sha Sophi, who was so delighted with this curiosity, that he expressed a wish to become personally acquainted with the maker, and to take him into his service. To this end he granted him a pension of 30 tomans (450 crowns), together with every thing necessary for his subsistence, and for that of a servant and two horses, upon condition that he should work exclusively for the palace. Every morning when the king rose, his watchmaker attended to wind up his watch. The monarch at such times conversed with him in the most familiar manner, took a pleasure in asking him all sorts of questions, and sometimes ordered him a bowl of Schiraz wine. As Stadler had learned the language of the country, and could speak it with fluency and elegance, Shah Sophi's partiality to him increased daily, and he repeatedly endeavoured to persuade him to turn Musulman. The artist, however, was not to be seduced by the most magnificent promises, and invariably declared that "he was determined to live and die in the religion of his forefathers." Such, meanwhile, was his success, that in five years he was rich enough to keep six servants and as many horses. His heart now began to long for home. The thoughts of his native country more and more engaged his mind, and he resolved to avail himself of the first favourable opportunity to return thither. He had married a young and beautiful Christian of the sect of the Nestorians, and brought her to his house, where she occupied the women's apartment, which adjoined that of her unfortunately very jealous husband.—One day the ambassadors of the

Duke of Holstein, who had been some months in Ispahan, and with whom Stadler designed to return to Europe, gave a sumptuous entertainment, to which our artist was invited. How great was his astonishment, on reaching home, to find in his apartments a young Persian, who, as soon as he perceived Stadler, made a precipitate retreat over the wall of the court-yard. As soon as he had ascertained the name of his rival, who was brother to one of the door-keepers of the palace, he sent him word never to let him see him in his house again, otherwise he should treat him without ceremony agreeably to the custom of the country, which authorizes the master of a house to kill any stranger who enters an apartment where there are females without permission. Not content with having given this warning to the intruder himself, Stadler acquainted his brother, the door-keeper, with the circumstance, and begged him to repeat this prohibition to the young man. The latter, however, paid no attention to the menace; Stadler caught him a second time in his house, and shot him dead upon the spot with a pistol.

The next morning, according to his usual practice, he repaired to the palace to wind up the king's watch. Shah Sophi enquired what news—and Stadler coolly related, that he had shot the brother of one of his majesty's door-keepers, whom he had caught a second time in his apartments, after he had warned him not to come thither again at the peril of his life. The king declared that he had done right, and pardoned him. The increasing influence of the foreigner had not failed, however, as might naturally be expected, to make him powerful enemies among the courtiers. One of these was Mirza Také, the prime minister, who had long been displeased at the bluntness of the young Swiss. As the Persian laws declare, that a Christian who kills a Musulman shall either forfeit his life or take the turban, the artful vizir now sought to persuade his master, that, this was the best opportunity to force Stadler to turn Mahometan, and with such success that the monarch sent for his watchmaker, and told him, that, unless he would abjure his religion, his pardon should be revoked. "My body," replied Stadler, "belongs to the king, who has a right to do with it what he pleases; but my soul belongs to God alone."

Shah Sophi, incensed at this refusal, ordered him to be carried to prison. A few days afterwards he sent for him, and assured him, that he could not find in his heart to consent to his execution; he therefore promised him, if he would comply with the proposed condition, 10,000 tomans (150,000 crowns), a wife out of his harem, with all her jewels, and the renewal of his former friendship. Stadler continued immoveable. A new order of the sovereign directed, that, according to the custom of Persia, by virtue of which the nearest relation of the deceased shall cut off the murderer's head in the public place, he should be delivered up to the brother of his victim. The Holstein ambassadors, who were very fond of Stadler, now endeavoured to obtain an audience of the king; but the prime minister found

means, under various pretexts, to put it off from time to time for a few days.

Meanwhile Stadler continued in prison, and that he might not be able either to lie down or sleep, a kind of wooden triangle, called *palenk*, was fastened about his neck. Several persons exerted themselves to procure him relief from this torment, at least during the night. They accomplished their object, but only by means of a considerable sum of money paid to the gaoler, the greatest part of which was contributed by Nicholas Oberecht, the generous chief of the Dutch factory. During the day, Stadler's prison was open to his acquaintance, and he received many visits, as well from Persian grandees, who strove to make a proselyte of him, as from Christians, who endeavoured to encourage him in the resolution to die rather than renounce his religion. The Carmelites and Capuchins residing in the suburbs of Ispahan, also came frequently to see him, with a view to prevail upon him to embrace the Catholic faith; but he stedfastly declared, that he would not turn either to the right or left from the religion in which he was brought up. The benevolent fathers, nevertheless, continued to alleviate his misery by all the assistance and services in their power.

At length the prisoner was conducted by the command of the *Sedder*, a kind of mufti or chief judge in all matters connected with religion, to the *maidan* (the public place), and delivered up to the brother of the young man whom he had killed. This brother—termed by the law *the Avenger of Blood*—drew his sabre to inflict the fatal stroke, but either from want of dexterity, or the agitation of his own mind, he aimed it in such a manner that the *palenk* warded off the sabre, and instead of cutting off Stadler's head, he wounded himself on the right leg. Meanwhile feelings of compassion were awakened in the bosoms of the people assembled at the place of execution; many even loudly disapproved the sentence, and declared that Stadler was fully justified in what he had done. In short, to prevent a commotion, it was found necessary to remand him to his prison, where he remained several days longer, till the king, still disposed to save him, ordered him once more into his presence, and offered him double the sum he had done before, that is to say, 300,000 crowns, upon the same conditions. Stadler, with admirable fortitude, again declared, that "he had lived a Christian, and a Christian he would die, being determined not to purchase the favour of his king at the expence of the favour of his Redeemer."

In spite of all the applications of several Persian grandees, and particularly of the Chan of Schiraz, who had conceived a great regard for the unfortunate watchmaker, the latter was now abandoned to his fate, and the king said to him with emotion—"I have done all that lies in my power to save thee; this I swear by the holy Prophet; thy blood then be upon thine own head, not on mine!" He was then delivered a second time to the family that insisted on his death, and again conducted to the public place. Here, fearing lest the *palenk* might again intercept the fatal stroke, he

desired that it might be taken off. When this was done, he fell upon his knees, and devoutly offered up a short prayer. With unshaken courage, he then said to the man who held the sword drawn over him—"Strike without fear; I forgive thee in the name of Jesus Christ." At the first stroke his head was severed from his body, amidst the lamentations of an innumerable concourse of spectators.

Thus died Rudolph Stadler, at the early age of twenty-eight years, in October 1637. The king had commanded all the Christians of Ispahan, to collect his blood, and to give an honourable burial to his remains. They accordingly attended with embroidered handkerchiefs to catch his blood, and these memorials soon became so dear as to sell for 1500 crowns a piece. They then jointly erected for him the above-mentioned monument in one of the Armenian church-yards, which still exists. The Carmelite monks loudly and openly declared, that had Stadler embraced the Catholic religion, they would have caused him to be canonized, and numbered among the martyrs.—The less ostentatious Armenian Christians actually consider him as such; they frequently visit his grave, and make pilgrimages to it, especially when they are attacked with fevers; and many endeavour to obtain a piece of stone from his tomb, so that it requires repair almost every year.

A few days after, Stadler's death the king's watch stopped. Shah Sophi sent for his servant, but he was unable to put it to rights.—Upon this the king, in a vehement passion, threw it at the head of the prime minister. "A dog like thee," said he, "ought to have his bowels torn from his body; for it was thou, who by thy accursed counsels preventedst me from saving my watchmaker." He then swore by the living God, that "he would never suffer another Christian to be put to death on account of his religion."

FATAL CURIOSITY.

THE following singular narrative is the production of Mrs. Elizabeth Haywood, author of *The Female Spectator*. It is founded on fact, and was published in a periodical work of her's, entitled *The Patron*, in the year 1717, of which only nine numbers appeared. They are now extremely rare:—

"A poor labouring man, in the west of England, had a son, who, when about twelve years of age, discovered a quickness of apprehension and steady wit, beyond what could be expected in a boy that had never been at any school, and could neither read nor write; the smart answers he gave when he was asked any questions, and many things which were told of him, made him be taken notice of by a neighbouring gentleman.

"This worthy person thought it a pity that a lad of so good a capacity should be brought up to follow the plough; he therefore took him from his father, clothed him in decent apparel, and had him

instructed as far as was necessary for an ordinary tradesman; then sent him to London to a pewterer, of whom he had some knowledge, and soon after coming up, bound him apprentice.

"The charity was not thrown away; the young man was very ingenious at his business, very honest and obliging, and had no other fault than an insatiable curiosity of seeing every thing he found others desirous of being spectators of; but his master overlooked that in him in consideration of his good qualities, and they agreed extremely well the whole time they were together. His apprenticeship being expired, he married a young woman, to whom he had the good fortune to be agreeable: she had a better portion than his circumstances could have given him room to hope for, and his patron making a considerable addition to the sum she brought, set him up in a handsome manner. His honesty, industry, and frugality, soon improved his stock, and in a few years he became a man of considerable consequence among those of his trade.

"Finding himself perfectly at ease, and having a desire of seeing his old father, and the place which had given him birth, he resolved to take his wife with him on the visit: she was a good sort of woman, and, perhaps like most of her sex, fond of a jaunt into the country, did not oppose his inclinations to it in the least; he hired a horse, mounted her behind him, and set out for Devonshire. I shall pass over the particulars of their journey, as having nothing in it material to my purpose. When they came within a few miles of the village to which they were going, they saw a great number of people, some riding, others running toward a road which turned out of that they were in; on asking the occasion of this unusual concourse, he was told they were going to see the execution of a man who was to be hanged for sheep-stealing.

"His natural curiosity for such spectacles would not suffer him to pursue his journey without gratifying that prevailing passion, and in spite of all his wife could say to hinder him, he left her at the first inn they came to, and followed the crowd before him, with all the speed he could, till he came to the gallows, which he very well remembered, when a boy, seeing many a one brought to. He got thither almost at the same time with the condemned person; but what was his astonishment, when, as soon as he cast his eyes upon him, he knew him to be his own father! He flung himself off his horse, without regarding what became of him, flew to those who had the care of conducting the malefactor, and begged the liberty of speaking to him; which being granted, he made himself known to him. The son expressed the utmost concern that his father had not acquainted him, by letter, of his misfortune, that he might have come sooner down, in order to endeavour to save him from so shameful an end, if all he had in the world could have done it; and the father answered, that he did not repent his not having done so, because as he had never any thing to give him, he should not have had any comfort in his life, if prolonged by the ruin

of a dutiful child, and that he was only grieved at the disgrace which the crime he had to suffer for must entail on him. He told him it was extreme poverty, and the unwillingness he had of being burthensome to him, as he had a wife and children, which had made him do that in his old age, which in his youth he should have trembled to have thought of. The officers of justice obliging them to break off any further discourse, they embraced and parted; the old man was dragged to his fate, and the son, struck with horror, fell into violent convulsion fits. The people about him had charity enough to give him what assistance was in their power; and hearing that, in his intervals of reason, he desired to be carried to the inn where he had left his wife, some of them took him up, and bore him on their shoulders.

"The poor woman was extremely frightened to see her husband in this condition, but upon enquiring where and in what manner they found him, and being informed of the dreadful occasion, fell into agonies little inferior to his. A physician was immediately sent for to them both; the wife was soon upon her legs, but the man lay a long time ill: at length, however, he recovered enough to return to London, which was all that could be done for him; the result of his journey had such an effect upon him, that he died soon after in a mad-house, leaving a wife and three children, in circumstances very much impaired by the expences this misfortune had rendered unavoidable."

THE MODERN SPECTATOR.

No. XLVIII.

Quæ in vitâ usurpant homines, cogitant, curant, vident, quæque agunt vigilantes, agitantque, ea cuique in somno accidunt.——Cic. *de Div.*

The objects which employ our waking thoughts and actions, recur to our imaginations while we sleep.

The following letter on the subject of dreams, was intended to have followed a former paper, but was accidentally mislaid. On opening a book this morning to which I very seldom have recourse, though I beg my readers will not suppose it to be the Bible, a portion of which I read every day of my life, I recovered the mislaid epistle, which illustrates the very sensible observations of the intelligent writer, by several curious anecdotes, which may not be known to the generality of my readers.

TO THE MODERN SPECTATOR.

Sir,

I have somewhere seen it observed, how much of our happiness or misery depends upon the imagination, which appears, among other causes, from the workings of fancy during our sleep. Of the troubles which many frequently, and all sometimes suffer during the hours of natural repose, the experience is too general, not to render the subject familiar to our observation; and though the remedy may not be certain, yet I cannot

help thinking, that the rule which has been prescribed by an eminent writer, is well worth the trial by every one who is troubled with nocturnal disturbances. Indeed, its efficacy may reach more important evils, and the latter may reasonably be supposed to be within the view of the great moralist who suggests it. It is simply this, "To go to bed with a mind entirely free from passion, and a body clear of the least intemperance."

It was the counsel of Pythagoras to his scholars, that every night before they slept, they should examine what they had been doing that day, and so discover what actions were worthy of pursuit tomorrow, and what little vices were to be prevented from slipping unawares into a habit. The following addition might, I think, be made to the advice of the distinguished philosopher:—That every morning, before a person rises, he should coolly consider what he has been about during the night, and with the same strictness as if the history of his fancy had been a reality. Such a scrutiny into the actions of his fancy must be of considerable advantage, because the circumstances of dreams are generally such as favour his inclinations, good or bad, and give him imaginary opportunities of pursuing them, so that his temper may be open to his view, while he considers how it is moved when free from those constraints to which it is subjected by the accidents of life.

There is not any circumstance in the animal economy more wonderful than sleep. That a body, exhausted with the fatigue of the day, as well as by the constant attention of the mind, should be disposed, at a certain period of time, insensibly and almost irresistibly to drop into absolute passiveness and inaction; that it should lose all its voluntary powers, and yet preserve all its animal functions; that it should, in a few hours, shake off this inattention and inactivity, recover its former spirits and strength, and be entirely refreshed and restored in all its faculties; that this suspended attention and inability of motion should so regularly take place, and produce such extraordinary effects, must be ranged among those *arcana* of nature, which we every day are familiar with as to effect, and yet are entirely ignorant of as to the cause. But, however wonderful sleep itself may be, it is attended by something as much more unaccountable as the powers of the soul surpass those of the body; I mean, if I may use the expression, the act of dreaming, a faculty which the soul exerts, more or less, in all; and yet none can discover from whence the impulse arises, how it is circumscribed, or what brings it to an end. In real active life our ideas are regular, our actions determined by some certain views, and we complete them by just and uniform measures: but in dreams the imagination reigns absolute, and the will and judgment are entirely at its command. It can engage us in scenes of the deepest reach and the highest importance, can officiate for reason and judgment, can assemble and compare ideas, begin and finish adventures; can shift the scenes, and bring on the catastrophe at its own pleasure, and

without any aid whatever from the understanding and the will. Nay, it can proceed much further, and present those images, as well as correct those circumstances, that never were in the power of the waking mind to conceive; it hurries over actions with incredible celerity, or hangs a load on the wings of time, and lengthens our duration to what term it pleases. This is exemplified in the case of those who have dreamed through the actions of three days, in a successive series, in the compass of a few hours, and of others who have, in one night, passed to a distant part of the globe. Again, when we are awake, the action of recollecting, inventing, and arranging our ideas to writing, is a work of pains and labour; it advances slowly, and is divided into a number of stages before it arrives at the point in view, or can present the images of the writer to the reader: whereas people are known to have dreamed of reading books on a variety of subjects, clearly and consistently written, which they never saw in their waking hours: whereby it appears, that the imagination composes the work, attends the thread of the narration, judges of its excellence, and remembers its contents, all at the same moment—a proof of the wonderful powers of our spiritual nature, and of what it is capable, when delivered from the shackles of sense and disencumbered of the body. It is also remarkable in our dreams, that fancy not only impels us to do, in appearance, not merely what is physically, but morally impossible. We fly through the air, and perform supernatural feats of strength and agility; as well as do acts of possible cruelty, which, however, would never occur to our waking hours. I myself remember, my dreaming that St. Paul's was transformed in all its magnitude into a wheel carriage, and that acting in the capacity of a coachman, I contrived to back it into an inn-gate, whose portals were sufficient to receive the immense machine. It appears, also, in one of Swift's letters to Mr. Pope, that the dean had dreamed the preceding night of having been in a violent rage with the poet's mother, an old lady of near ninety, and beating her black and blue.

A remarkable dream of Tartini, the celebrated Italian musician, is recorded on his own authority, and seems to have acquired the character of undoubted authenticity.—This great master is known, at a very early age, to have devoted himself to the study of music, and one night he dreamed that he had made a compact with the Devil, who promised to be at his service on all occasions, and to be devoted to all his worldly projects: accordingly, during this vision, every thing succeeded to the utmost of his wishes, and every desire of his heart was fulfilled by the assistance of his powerful coadjutor. He afterwards imagined, that he presented the Devil with his violin, in order to discover his skill and powers in musical composition and execution; when, to his great delight and astonishment, he heard him play a solo so singularly beautiful, and executed with such superior taste and precision, that it surpassed all the music which he had either heard or conceived.

So great was his surprise, and so exquisite his pleasure on the occasion, that it deprived him of the power of breathing. He accordingly awoke from the violence of his sensations, and instantly seized his fiddle, in the animating hope of expressing what he had just heard; but all his endeavours were fruitless. He, however, then composed a piece, which is considered as the best of all his works, to which he gave the name of *The Devil's Sonata*; but he considered it as so inferior to the diabolical music which he had fancied in his sleep, that he declared, he would have broken his instrument in a thousand pieces, and abandoned music for ever, if he could have found any other means of getting his bread.

Dreams may be considered as the result of our waking thoughts; and Mr. Addison observes, that our daily hopes and fears give the mind those nimble relishes of pleasure, and the severe touches of pain, which we experience in our nocturnal rambles. As for the coincidence which sometimes takes place between the fashion of our dreams and subsequent events, though it may sometimes be considered as prophetic by weak and superstitious minds, it is too rare, as well as too indistinct, to merit the importance such a circumstance has sometimes attached to a dream.

It has been said by an ingenious writer, that "waking we all live in one common world, but on going to rest, each retires into a world of his own." He at the same time gives the following account of a circumstance in his dreams, with which I shall conclude this letter. It is to be found in the learned and pious Mr. Baxter's *Enquiry into the Nature of the Human Soul*. "I am apt," he says, "to dream frightful dreams, and when they become very frightful, I have in my sleep reflected how the case stands with me, and whether I be awake or asleep; and when I find it a dream, I am easy, and my curiosity engages me to see how the scene will end: but though all along an actor in the farce, the reality of the representation is perpetually intruding itself upon me; so that when the scene becomes too troublesome to be borne, I can at any time by making a certain effort, which I can no way describe, awake myself."

I am, sir, your very obliged, humble servant,

A Dreamer.

INQUIRY CONCERNING THE BEST MODE OF KILLING AND PRESERVING INSECTS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE REPOSITORY.

Sir,

Being about to form a collection of insects, permit me to request information, through the medium of your valuable *Repository*, as to the best mode of killing them, without protracting their pain, or destroying their beauties. Some of your correspondents too may perhaps be kind enough, to state the best mode of arranging and preserving them. Your attention to this will confer an obligation on Your's, most respectfully,

E. W.

Jan. 11, 1815.

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Plate 11.—STRATFORD-PLACE.

Stratford-Place was erected about 1775, on the site of the ancient Banquetting-House, which is held under a lease, renewable for ever, granted by the corporation of London to Edward Stratford and others, the proprietors and erectors of the present magnificent houses, disposed in the manner of a short street, terminated by a superb mansion. In the circular space in front of the latter the late General Strode erected a pillar, to commemorate the naval victories of Great Britain; but the foundation having given way, the whole was taken down about the year 1805.

The Banquetting-House mentioned above was used by the lord mayor and aldermen for taking refreshments when themselves, their ladies, and others, visited the neighbouring nine conduits, which partly supplied the city with water from 1238 till the New River supplanted them. One of those conduits stood north-west of Bond-street, not far from Oxford-road.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

A second edition of the Rev. J. Campbell's *Missionary Travels in South Africa*, will go to press immediately, the first edition of 1500 copies having been sold on the day of publication.

A novel, in three large volumes, by Mrs. Pinckard, of Taunton, author of The Blind Child, &c. is in the press.

Captain Tuckey's *Maritime Geography* will be published early in March.

A small volume of *Songs and Poems*, by Captain Hall, of the India army, originally published at Calcutta, is in the press.

A. F. Tytler, Esq. son of Lord Woodhouselee, will speedily publish, in 8vo. *The Duties of the Honourable Company's Civil Servants*.

Miss Rundall's *Symbolical History of England*, in 4to. will be published early in April, complete, embellished with copper-plates.

Messrs. Constable and Co. of Edinburgh, have announced for publication, *The Journal of a Tour and Residence in Great Britain, during the Years* 1810 *and* 1811. This work, which will consist of two 8vo. volumes, with numerous engravings, is the production of a French gentleman, who left his own country above twenty years before he paid a visit to our's, and who bestowed more time and pains on the survey of which he here publishes the results, than his countrymen usually allot to such purposes. There is scarcely any part of England which he has not visited, and scarcely any of the subjects which these visits could suggest, that he has not discussed with exemplary candour, intelligence, and originality.

Mr. Kirby is preparing for the press, the fifth volume of his *Wonderful Museum*, which will surpass all the preceding portions of that entertaining work in the interest of

its diversified contents, as well as in the execution of its embellishments.

The Rev. Robert Tweddell is preparing for the press, *Remains* of his brother, the late J. Tweddell, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. It will form a 4to. volume, comprising a selection of his letters, written from various parts of the Continent; a republication of his *Prolusiones Juveniles;* an appendix, containing some account of the author's journals, MSS. collections, drawings, &c. and of their extraordinary disappearance, with a brief biographical memoir.

General Sarrazin has finished a *History of the War in Spain and Portugal*, from 1807 to 1814, which will speedily appear in an 8vo. volume, illustrated with a map, exhibiting the routes of the armies.

Louis Bonaparte's novel, *Marie, ou les Hollandaises*, is reprinting in London, in French. An English translation will appear at the same time.

Sir N. W. Wraxall will shortly publish, *Historical Memoirs of his own Time*, from 1772 to 1784, in two octavo volumes.

Lieutenant-General G. Cockburn will in a few days publish, with thirty plates and maps, *A Voyage to Cadiz and Gibraltar, up the Mediterranean to Malta and Sicily*, in 1810 and 1811; including a descriptive Tour of Sicily and the Lipari Islands, and an Excursion in Portugal.

Mr. J. Jenkins, of the Strand, is publishing, in monthly numbers, a work, entitled *The Martial Achievements of Great Britain and her Allies*; containing accurate accounts of the Battles of the Allied Powers during the last fourteen years. Each number is embellished with four engravings, coloured to imitate the drawings.

The second and concluding volume of *The Travels of Professor Lichtenstein in Southern Africa*, which is nearly ready for publication, will comprise the continuation of the journey through the Karroo to the Cape-Town; a botanical tour to the district of Zwellendam, &c.; a journey into the countries of the Bosjesmans, the Corons, and the Beetjuans; an excursion to the borders of the Roggeveld; a journey to Rosjeweld and Tulbagh, and the return by St. Helena to Europe.

The Committee appointed to superintend the collection and distribution of donations for the relief of distress arising from the war in Germany, and other parts of the Continent, consider it a duty which they owe to a generous public, to place on record transactions so highly honourable to the British nation. They therefore propose to publish, by subscription, the substance of their Proceedings and Correspondence, with a list of Subscribers to the Fund, in two handsome royal 8vo. volumes, illustrated with engravings, price 1*l.* 5*s.* As soon as 500 copies shall have been subscribed for, the work will be put in hand, and the price advanced to 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

Among the Public Schools, a History of which was announced in our last number as having been undertaken by Mr. Ackermann, should have been included that of Rugby, in Warwickshire.

Mr. Young, engraver in mezzotinto to his Royal Highness the

Prince Regent, has completed engravings from a series of cabinet pictures, transmitted to him by the late Sultan Selim, representing Portraits of the Emperors of Turkey, from Othman, the founder of the Imperial family, to Selim, the twenty-eighth emperor. The circumstances attending this publication are peculiarly interesting. A desire to patronise the arts was one of Selim's favourite passions; and having found original portraits in the Imperial treasury, several of which had been painted in the early part of the fourteenth century, and afterwards continued through a succession of five hundred years, a series of cabinet pictures was, by his command, executed from them by a Greek peasant at Constantinople, who had displayed such proofs of natural talent as to induce the emperor to patronise him. Disregarding the prejudices of his country, the sultan drew forth the memorials of his ancestors from their long concealment, and they were, by his order, removed to a situation where he had an opportunity daily to overlook and direct the performances of the Greek artist. The resemblances are said to have been retained to a degree of fastidiousness; and the pictures in other respects are executed with a fidelity, spirit, and taste far beyond what could be expected from the abject state of the arts in Turkey. The inventive talent of this ingenious Greek has supplied to each portrait a vignette, which generally exhibits some remarkable occurrence in the life of the emperor. In some is painted a mosque, or colleges, or public schools, erected at the expence of the emperor; while others are in commemoration of victories achieved by the Ottoman arms. These vignettes are not less remarkable for their variety, than for correctness of drawing, pleasing tone of colour, characteristic simplicity, and delicate minuteness. In the year 1806, these pictures were transmitted to the Turkish ambassador in London, with orders that they should be engraved in this country; and Mr. Young was engaged to execute one of the portraits for the emperor's inspection. When finished, it was sent to Constantinople, and the sultan so highly approved of the performance, that it was his pleasure the work should be completed. Several of the plates were in great forwardness, when the revolution which took place in the Turkish government in 1807, necessarily arrested the progress of the undertaking; and as there was no hope of its being resumed by the original promoters, Mr. Young, encouraged by the approbation of those who confided the pictures to him, undertook to engrave the whole series on his own account. The whole work forms one splendid folio volume, containing, besides an ornamental title-page, twenty-eight portraits, printed in colours, and afterwards so attentively revised and compared with the originals, that each print becomes a fac-simile of the picture. To render the work complete, each print is accompanied with a short biographical account, in English and French. No more than 150 copies will be printed. A complete copy may be seen at Mr. Ackermann's, Strand, where the names of subscribers are received.

Memoirs of the French Campaigns in Spain, of 1808-9-10, by M. Rocca, officer of hussars, are in the press.

A Supplement to the Memoirs of the Life, Writings, Discourses, and Professional Works of Sir Joshua Reynolds, by James Northcote, Esq. will speedily be published.

Mr. Thomas Moore, the well-known translator of Anacreon, has nearly ready for publication, a *Poem*, in the composition of which he has been employed for a considerable time past.

According to the calculation of M. Salgues, there were a few years since in Paris twelve theatres, and in the then territory of France 156, in 129 towns. The total number of performers in the metropolitan theatres amounted to 1388, and those belonging to the provincial houses, reckoning 20 to each, would be 2580, or both together 3962. Estimating their families at thrice this number, there appear to have been near 12,000 individuals who entirely subsisted by the trade of making their fellow-creatures laugh and cry. The stock pieces of the Paris theatres amounted at the same time to 904. When we consider the much greater number of those pieces which had failed or grown out of fashion, consequently how many dramatic writers, booksellers, and printers live by making others laugh and cry; lastly, the host of artisans, tradesmen, *restaurateurs*, publicans, confectioners, hackney-coachmen, and artists of all kinds, we shall find that in France upwards of 100,000 persons subsist, according to M. Salgues, by making others laugh and cry. This, however, is certainly not the only or the most important object of the drama.

At four o'clock on the 20th November, Dr. Kraskovitz made his sixth aërial ascension at Vienna. The weather was extremely gloomy and unfavourable. He was scarcely half a minute in rising through the thick fog which for three weeks had almost incessantly enveloped the Austrian capital. The view which then opened upon him was truly magnificent. The heavens appeared perfectly serene; the sun and moon vied in brilliancy to exhibit the visible universe in all its splendour. The shroud of vapours, as far as the eye of the astonished aëronaut could reach, appeared like a solid silver-coloured mass overspreading the surface of the earth, according as it rose in hills or sunk into vallies. The summits only of the neighbouring and remote mountains of Styria and Hungary towered above this ocean of fog; and the inhabitants of the Kahlenberg and Leopoldsberg, which were uncovered, were enabled to watch all his motions. He purposely prevented the machine from rising to any considerable elevation, lest he should experience the same inconvenience as Mr. Sadler, jun. did in his ascension on the 1st of August, from the freezing of the valve. The height, therefore, to which he rose was very moderate; the mercury in the barometer fell about four inches. A temperature like that of spring, probably occasioned by the reflection of the rays of light from the upper surface of the sea of fog, was so comfortable that the aëronaut took off his gloves, and the

mercury rose considerably in the thermometer. The air was pure and refreshing, and the voice very audible. The solemn silence that commonly prevails at great heights was on this occasion interrupted by the water-mills on the Danube. Thus was the aëronaut full of transport and admiration, wafted by a gentle breeze up the Danube towards the Leopoldsberg. The sun was already half sunk below the horizon before Dr. Kraskovitz could resolve to quit a scene of such wonderful beauty, which strongly reminded him of a similar spectacle that he had enjoyed at an early period of life on the Adriatic sea. He opened the valve, and instead of the brilliant scene which he had been contemplating, he found himself involved as if by magic in utter darkness. The fog was so dense that he was obliged to shut his eyes, and to blow it from before him. He alighted without accident on the island of Schwartzlacken, between the Bisamberg and Leopoldsberg, passed the night at Spitz, and returned the following day to Vienna.

Leonard Mälzel, a musician and composer of Vienna, brother of the celebrated mechanician John Mälzel, has, with much study, and after incessant exertions for six years, invented a new musical instrument of extraordinary powers and perfection, to which he has given the name of *The Orpheus Harmony*. The external figure of the instrument is an horizontal chest, five feet square and three high. It has five octaves of keys. The tone is produced, without the least noise, by the slightest pressure; it continues audible as long as the finger remains upon the key, and may be made louder or softer at the pleasure of the player. The crescendo inspirits and invigorates; the decrescendo, like the voice of echo, lulls the soul into delicious repose. The advantages of the finest human voice, arbitrary duration, the gradual rising and sinking of the tone from an agreeable middling strength to the lowest possible sound, are properties peculiar to this instrument. It is therefore particularly adapted to the performance of pieces in slow and solemn measure; but compositions in quicker time can be executed upon it, because the tone is produced instantaneously when the key is touched. The ingenious inventor has submitted this instrument to the judgment of the first *cognoscenti* and professors of music in the Austrian capital, who have attested its novelty both in regard to its extraordinary tone and the noiseless manner in which it is produced.

In the Academy of Fine Arts of St. Luke at Rome, are deposited four designs by the architect Basilio Mazoli, professor of that academy, three of which represent the ground-plan, exterior and interior views of the grand monument proposed by that artist, and which, by direction of the English Consul-General Fagan, is to be erected at Rome, in everlasting memorial of the triumph of Religion. The building is to be erected upon a platform in the centre of a circular space, for which the Monte Pincio is considered most eligible: it is divided into five spacious halls, the four exterior of which are to be dedicated to the four great allied powers, and the central one to the me-

mory of deceased persons who have distinguished themselves in the great struggle for independence, and whose names and actions are to be here inscribed. On the side next the city, his Holiness appears on his knees, in the act of returning thanks to Heaven. From the middle of the structure rises a pyramid, which is crowned by the figure of Religion in the attitude of triumph.

The excavations at Pompeji are prosecuted with an activity unexampled under the former government. Between 1790 and 1805, from five to fifteen labourers were regularly employed; at present 300 men are kept constantly at work, clearing away the rubbish. Some of the beautiful ceilings and floors that have been found, have been deposited in the galleries of the Museum, and others in the rooms of the Academy of Design, for the study of artists.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

No. XVII. *Cisalpine Air, with Variations for the Piano-forte, Harp, Flute, and Violoncello, composed and inscribed to the Right Hon. Lady Georgina Paget,* by J. Mazzinghi. Pr. 5s.; single, 3s.

Whether it be owing to the theme (a single but really elegant melody), or to a peculiarly happy flow of musical spirits in the author, we think this number of Mr. M.'s national airs, is one of the most attractive in the series already published. Classic taste, melodious sweetness, and a fertile but chaste fancy, are perceptible in every one of the many variations which have been deduced from the subject. As these are not separated under distinct numbers, we can only refer, according to the respective pages, to some of the numerous portions which caused the favourable opinion we have stated in regard to this publication. The concertante parts between the piano-forte and harp (*pp.* 4, 5, &c.), are contrived with much skill; equal praise is due to the variation (*p.* 3,) which assigns the theme to the left hand, while the right is busied in an active accompaniment of demisemiquavers. The bass passages (*p.* 4) demand honourable mention; the movement, *p.* 6, is replete with energy and well marked precision; and the low notes (in the var. *p.* 8), coupled with the support of the harp on the upper strings, produce a very pleasing effect. The last variation (*p.* 11), with the superscription of "molto animato," is full of life and spirit, while its several passages are linked to each other in the most natural flow. It forms, at the same time, a profitable exercise for the fingers, although, like the rest of the work, no intricacies of a deterring nature be any where met with.

Concerto da Camera, for the Piano-Forte, with Accompaniments for two Violins, Flute, Viola, and Violoncello, composed, and dedicated to Mr. Gledhill, by J. Woelfl. Pr. 7s. 6d.

This posthumous work of Woelfl's renewed in our breast the sensations of regret, which his premature death cannot but have excited in every lover of good harmony. It is truly a masterly composition, combining, with singular felicity, melodious expression with depth of science and elevation of musical feeling. The first and last move-

ments are in E b, and a short andantino in B b intervenes. The subject of the first allegro is exquisitely beautiful, although its leading idea is not original, but modelled after an air in Mozart's opera of "Belmont and Constance." Of the several solos, which are successively introduced, one peculiar characteristic, and a great merit in our opinion, is, that they are not hazardous trials of digital skill, but rather elaborate and highly finished articulations of select thoughts, co-operating in the general effect of the harmony. Of this description is the solo on the latter part of *p.* 4, where we meet with a most elegant and well contrived series of chromatic chords. The solo in G minor (*p.* 5,) is also conceived in the purest style, and in a plaintive strain truly affecting. Another solo (*p.* 9,) is conspicuous on account of its skilful contrapuntal modulations. The romance, an andantino in $\frac{6}{8}$ time, however brief, boasts of a most beautiful theme, which is afterwards represented under a more ornamental shape, and finally terminates in a pause on the seventh of the key. The last movement is a polacca, extremely pretty, and full of playful spirit. An active solo occurs *p.* 13; in *p.* 14 we had to encounter some novel and rather capricious passages, which we had amends for in the highly interesting solo in C minor, *p.* 15. The conclusion, in *p.* 17, is masterly, and derives much of it excellence from the boldness with which the author launches from E b major into B major, and the skill with which he extricates himself, and again returns to his original key.

First Duet for the Harp and Piano-Forte, composed, and dedicated to the Misses Sharp, by F. Lanza. Pr. 5s.

We observe with pleasure, that in proportion as the harp gains in favour with the musical public, the publications for that instrument assume a character of higher stamp; and that composers of acknowledged skill devote their talents to that effect. The duet before us could not but suggest a remark of this kind. It is an able performance, whether we consider the general context of its various ideas, or the harmonic skill evinced in the arrangement of the score. The harp, of course, is the leading instrument, but it frequently gives the piano-forte full scope for action, and as often both are employed, in equal share, to produce a whole of rich and effective harmony. There are but two movements, an allegro and rondo, in three flats. The first is full of spirit, replete with touches of classic invention, and its passages seem to flow out of each other in the most natural and easy manner: its quick passages are particularly elegant, and the few modulations that occur, especially in the outset of the second part, claim our decided approbation. The rondo ingratiates itself from the very beginning by an uncommonly pretty subject, which the author has handled with great skill and taste, under a variety of agreeable forms. A very interesting minor portion falls in at *p.* 10, and is afterwards relieved by a major, which comes in under every advantage of effective contrast. We likewise observe some nicely figured passages in

that page, the result of which, in the general harmony, is very advantageous, and at the same time somewhat novel.

"*Ma pauvre Eloi,*" *a favorite French Air from the Forest of Bondy, or the Dog of Montargis, arranged for the Piano-Forte* by M. P. Corri. Pr. 1s.

An allegretto, in the waltz style, simple in its construction, but not uninteresting. The minor (*p.* 2) is neat, and perfectly in character with the major. In the further progress of this trifle, the author takes his round among the allied keys with propriety, and the interlocutory portions are respectable. The whole is evidently intended for beginners, and may be recommended as a pleasing and suitable lesson.

A Voluntary for the Organ, in a familiar Style, suited to the Church Service, composed and selected by S. F. Rimbault, Organist of St. Giles in the Fields. No. II. Op. 5. Pr. 1s. 6d.

The unfortunate word "selected," however creditable to a composer's candour, invariably tends to put some check on the critic's testimonial of approbation. This is the case in the present publication, which, without reference to "authorship," has a claim to a very favourable reception; but as of its three movements, a grave, a fugue, and an andante, we are not told what portion is Mr. R.'s own, we are at a loss where specially to fix our encomium as far as he is concerned. Thus much, however, we are bound to state generally, that the whole is good music; that the fugued passage in the grave (*l.* 2) is well contrived; that the fugue does its author much credit; and that the andante (*p.* 4) is conceived with propriety as well as harmonic correctness.

"*Le Jour de Naissance,*" *Serenata* (? Sérénade) *pour le* (? la) *Harpe, seulment* (? seulement), *composé et dédié* (? composée et dédiée) *à Madame la Comtesse de Miniac Rohan,* par N. B. Challoner. Op. 25. Pr. 3s.

In the composition of this serenata, the author seems to have abstained from introducing any thing bordering upon the chromatic style, in order to furnish something which would please the general taste, and be within the reach of moderate proficiency, upon an instrument which is only beginning to be cultivated in a serious manner. He has, in our opinion, accomplished his purpose with success; for the whole of the serenata is easy and pleasing to the ear. The allegro, in three flats, proceeds through a variety of well combined ideas, with regularity and propriety, until it is for a while interrupted by the intervention of an "andante intermezzio," which, but for the superscription, we should have taken for a walz. It is very pretty, both in its simple guise, and when varied by an amplification of broken chords under triplets (*p.* 5); its minor, also, is neat and appropriate. The allegro is resumed next, and brought to an interesting conclusion. A rondo follows, the theme of which (a $\frac{2}{4}$ copy of the $\frac{6}{8}$ subject of the andante) is light and playful. The same may be said of the digressive matter; but the several chords (*p.* 10, *l.* 1 and 2,) appear rather an

accompaniment than melody. The termination is conceived with spirit and taste.

Divertimento for the Piano-Forte and Horn, in which is introduced the popular National Air, "Vive Henri Quatre," composed, and dedicated to Madame la Comptesse de Lardnoy, by F. J. Klose. Pr. 4s.

We have seen no composition of Mr. K.'s that has afforded us more satisfaction than the present divertimento, in which he has displayed taste and science in a considerable degree. The first movement, an andante pastorale, is distinguished by its sweet theme, which appears to great advantage when taken up by the accompanying horn, or the flute; a part for the latter instrument having judiciously been provided, should a horn not be within reach. In the minor (*p.* 3) a character of boisterous wildness prevails, which operates a suitable contrast; and here, too, the accession of the additional instrument (*p.* 4) in the plaintive part of the melody produces the desirable effect. "Vive Henri Quatre" is ably harmonized, and a very good bass variation has been deduced from the theme: in the conception of the major part, however (an undertaking of some difficulty), we think more might have been done. The subsequent variation (*p.* 7), in minor again, is entitled to our most unqualified applause. The rondo which follows, is not only extremely pleasing on account of its agreeable subject, but possesses the merit of an unlaboured fluency in all its several parts, heightened by some touches of real science. The passages in the latter half of *p.* 9, come in support of the former part of this observation, and the latter will be found to be borne out by reference, among others, to *ll.* 4, 5, 6 of *p.* 10. The modulation introduced there does Mr. K. great credit, especially the momentary transition, by enharmonic substitution, into the key of C b. In the 12th page we have to express our satisfaction at the manner in which the rondo is finally carried to a close.

RETROSPECT OF POLITICS.

CONGRESS AT VIENNA—GERMANY, &c. &c.

SINCE our last Retrospect, no further authentic intelligence respecting the proceedings of the Congress at Vienna, has reached us. Numerous notes have been presented by the negociators, and warm discussions have taken place, without, apparently at least, bringing the affairs of Europe much nearer to a state of settlement. On the contrary, all the allied monarchs on the Continent are assiduously employed in completing and augmenting their armies, as if they looked to the probability of a new war. This state of uncertainty and suspense in regard to the progress of the negociations, will most likely be, in some degree, removed by the arrival of Lord Castlereagh, and by the information he is expected to give in the House of Commons on this important topic. His lordship's return to England is daily looked for, and his functions as British plenipotentiary at Vienna

will be carried on by the Duke of Wellington, who arrived in that capital on the 2d of February, having left Lord Fitzroy Somerset to supply his place as minister to the French court.

Two more German sovereigns, Wurtemberg and Hesse-Cassel, have publicly announced their determination of giving to their subjects a representative constitution; and the states-general of both are summoned to meet on the 15th and and 1st March next respectively. The report of an intended marriage between the Prince Royal of Wurtemberg and the Duchess of Oldenburg, the sister of Alexander, is confirmed; the nuptials are to be celebrated at St. Petersburg.

A report, much less probable, nay, scarcely credible, states, that the Ex-Empress Maria Louisa has entered a solemn protest at Vienna on behalf of her son, the young Napoleon's right and title to the succession of the French imperial crown.

ITALY.

Italy, at this moment, appears to be in a very unsettled and disturbed state. The Genoese are highly exasperated at the incorporation of their city and territory with the dominions of the King of Sardinia; and much lurking discontent prevails in the late kingdom of Italy, where the Austrian government is by no means popular. The fact of the existence of a conspiracy for the subversion of German sway, is no longer denied. Many arrests have taken place, and are still continued, at Milan, Verona, Venice, and in other cities of northern Italy; and, as a measure of safety, it has been found necessary to march most of the Italian troops into Austria and Hungary, and to replace them by Germans. This spirit of dissatisfaction is likely to be allayed in a great degree by constituting the Austrian provinces in Italy into a distinct kingdom, yet belonging to the Austrian monarchy; a measure which report states to be in contemplation; adding, that the Emperor Francis intends to repair in person to Milan, and there to assume the iron crown.

In the south of Italy affairs are, if any thing, more unsatisfactory. The Pope, after bearing for a long time with meekness King Murat's encroachments upon a considerable portion of the states of the Holy See, has assumed an attitude of more determined firmness. Some notes, conceived in rather a threatening tone, have issued from the Vatican; and Murat's consul-general at Rome has received official warning to be more circumspect in his conduct and in the admission of persons to his house, who were suspected by the government, lest he should draw upon himself the attention of the police, as he could not be considered in the character of a diplomatic agent. Upon this, King Joachim is stated to have caused his troops to advance against Rome; and recent advices inform us, that the city of the Cæsars is surrounded by the *Samnite* legions, and that the Holy Father, like the Roman senate of old, is awaiting the event with calm resignation. At Naples, on the contrary, nothing but pleasure and diversion seem to be thought of, in order to render the stay of her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales agreeable to her.

Many festivities have taken place with that view; and, on a recent occasion, her royal highness entertained the royal family of Naples by a sumptuous dinner party.

SPAIN.

The expedition, destined as is said against Buenos Ayres, which had so long been preparing in the harbour of Cadiz, set sail on the 24th of January, but was driven back by contrary winds. It consists of 10,000 men, embarked in 40 or 50 ships.

From advices from the Caraccas, of the 10th Dec. it appears, that the independent party in that colony is not, as was supposed, entirely extinguished; although the royalists are in possession of the towns of Caraccas, Laguira, Puerto Cavallo, and of all the strong places. The independents are only in force at Maturin, under the command of General Ribas, whose quarrel with General Bolivar was assigned as the cause of the late reverses they experienced. We are sorry to add, that the hatred between the two parties is most inveterate, and that whichever party obtains an occasional advantage, butchers the other in cold blood. The royalists were anxiously looking for reinforcements from the mother country.

FRANCE.

The first celebration of the anniversary of the martyrdom of the good and pious Louis XVI. took place at Paris on the 21st January, and the act was rendered more memorable and impressive by the previous discovery of his remains, and of those of his unfortunate consort, both of which were carried in great funeral pomp to the abbey of St. Denis, the ancient receptacle of the deceased sovereigns of France. By the interesting official narrative of the singular preservation and discovery of the remains of the royal sufferers, it appears, that after their execution on the 21st of January, 1793, by the regicides of France, the place chosen for their interment was the cemetery of the Madeleine. The Vicar Renard, formerly vicar of the Madeleine, read the prayers for the dead on this mournful occasion. The coffins were deposited on beds of quick lime and covered with another bed of the same, after which the grave was filled with earth, and the whole closely beaten down. The head of the king was placed between his legs. After the burial, the spot where Louis and his queen were interred, was inclosed by M. Descloseaux, an advocate, as part of his garden. This gentleman, long an adherent of the Bourbons, to preserve the ground from intrusion, inclosed it with a high wall, planted willows over the graves, and invariably refused, during the revolutionary period, to resign his claim to the place. Of the disinterment the following particulars are given:—"On the 18th of January, the Chancellor, Count de Blacas, and others, proceeded to the cemetery of the Madeleine, now a garden, attached to the house of M. Descloseaux. After causing the ground to be dug up by labourers, one of whom was present at the inhumation of the queen, a bed of lime, ten inches thick, was found; under which was discovered the mark of a bier about five and a half feet long, with several

planks still sound; a great number of bones along this bier were carefully collected. Some were, however, wanting, which had doubtless been reduced to dust. The head was found entire, and the position in which it had been placed, indicated with certainty, that it had been detached from the body. Some remains of clothes were also found, and a pair of elastic garters, pretty well preserved, which were put aside to be presented to his Majesty, along with two pieces of the bier. The bones were then placed in a box which had been brought for the purpose of receiving them, and the earth and lime which had been found along with the bones were deposited in another box. To discover the remains of the king, the digging recommenced the next day, and some planks of a bier were found, but there was no bed of pure lime as about the bier of the queen. The earth and the lime appeared to have been purposely mixed. In the midst of the lime and the earth were found the bones of a male body, several of which being almost entirely corroded, were on the point of crumbling into dust. The head was covered with lime, and was found between two leg bones. This was the situation indicated as that of the head of Louis XVI.: no trace of any clothes could be found, nor could any complete bed of lime be discovered near the spot.

Marshals Soult and Oudinot held the pall over the coffin of Louis XVI.; the Presidents Barthelemy and Laine the pall over the coffin of the queen. But not among the least interesting assistants at the ceremony were, Messrs. Hue, Deseze, and Descloseaux. The first had remained constantly with the king till his death; the second had ably defended him at the bar of the Convention; and the third had preserved and watched over his mortal remains.

Much improvement is already observed in the state of the French finances, and of the public credit. The sales of 300,000 hectares of forest timber and wood, ordered by a law of last session, have commenced; and have, as far as proceeded in, proved much more productive than what their result had been estimated at. The Treasury bonds, which on the 7th December had been at 6⅔ per cent. discount, have risen to 1 per cent. discount; and an equal improvement in the bank actions has taken place. All this must undeniably be ascribed to the increasing confidence in the mild and paternal government of Louis XVIII.

Martinique and Guadaloupe have at last been given up to the French authorities empowered to take possession of them; the latter on the 2d, and the former on the 9th December last.

The French agents, Lavaysse, Medina (*alias* Franco), and Draveman, of whose mission to Hayti we have spoken at large in former Retrospects, have been arrested as spies; Medina by Christophe, and the two others by Petion. The proceedings of these deputies have officially been disavowed by the French government, who declared, that their mission, entirely pacific, had for its object to collect information as to the state of St. Domingo, and that they were nowise authorized to act as they have done.

A splendid French embassy is on the eve of being sent to the Ottoman Porte, and the Marquis de Riviere has been appointed to that important office.

SWEDEN AND DENMARK.

The Continental papers contain two curious declarations of Gustavus Adolphus, the deposed King of Sweden. In the one (the authenticity of which we doubt), he revokes the act of abdication he had been forced to sign in 1809, both as to himself and his son; and expresses a hope that the latter, when he attains the age of majority, will know how to pronounce himself worthy of himself, his father, and the Swedish nation, which has excluded him from the throne. This declaration is stated to have been addressed, in 1814, to Sir Sidney Smith, for the purpose of being laid before the Congress at Vienna.

In the other document, which is dated Basle, 15th Jan. 1815, Gustavus Adolphus announces his intention of undertaking a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, in company with ten fellow pilgrims of as many different nations, viz. one Englishman, one Dane, one Spaniard, a Hungarian, a Dutchman, a Frenchman, an inhabitant of Holstein Eutin, an Italian, a Russian, and a Swiss. Those that may wish to be of the number of these elect ten, called Black Brothers, are invited to signify their intention in the newspapers, and to repair to Trieste, on or before the 24th June, with at least 2000 florins in their pocket, and with any musical instrument they can perform on.

The government of Sweden, not satisfied with having severed Norway from the Danish crown, is stated to have now made a demand upon Denmark, for the expence of taking possession of Norway, and under that pretext to have claimed either an indemnification in money, or the cession of Greenland, and one third of what is left of the Danish fleet. Supposing Greenland were thus to be given up, and the Greenlanders were, like the Norwegians, by their resistance to cause a fresh expence to the crown of Sweden, the latter would, upon the same grounds, have perhaps to start a fresh claim for indemnity, and thus, for ought we know, demand a further province; and so on, perhaps, till nothing more remain to be longed for. We do not profess to understand much about the modern code of the law of nations; but we doubt, whether an individual who by some means or other had forcibly obtained from another the cession of a dog, could sue for the payment of the surgeon's bill incurred in curing a bite inflicted by the animal in being torn away from his old master.

UNITED STATES.

No intelligence has as yet reached England with respect to Mr. Madison's ratification of the Ghent treaty; but the latest advices from America afford such a picture of the situation of the United States, that there is scarcely a doubt of his giving immediate sanction to an instrument which at once will put an end to his embarrassments. The Secretary of the Treasury had given public notice, that "in consequence of the depressed state of public credit, he was unable to provide for the payment of the interest of the public debt in specie."

He therefore gave the creditors the option of subscribing their demands towards a new loan, or taking drafts on certain private banks in the southern and western states, some of which, particularly that of Baltimore, were known to be in a state of insolvency. The plan for establishing a national bank had been rejected by Congress; Mr. Monroe's bill for raising 100,000 men by conscription met with great opposition, and suffered so many alterations and modifications as to be diluted into total inefficiency; the different bills too for doubling the existing taxes, and for imposing new ones, even on furniture, were dragging heavily, and under violent opposition, through Congress.

With these causes for despondency under his eyes, the President must feel equal uneasiness at the proceedings, or even the existence of the New-England convention, assembled at Hartford (not Halford, as stated in our last). This sort of sub-congress, avowedly originating in the dissatisfaction at the measures of government, and in the persuasion of the necessity of separately providing for the safety of the northern states, met as appointed, and after electing a chairman and chaplain, commenced their deliberations, which are not public, and therefore not yet known in this country.

Inauspicious as this state of things in the north must be deemed by the government, it would derive no consolation from a view of affairs in the south, where the great British armament alluded to in our last, had made good its landing on the banks of the Mississippi. The expedition appears to have set sail, on the 28th November, from Negril Bay, in Jamaica, under the military and naval command of General Kean and Admiral Sir Alexander Cochrane. No official accounts of its further operations have as yet reached England; but private information states, that the force landed on the 9th December, near the mouths of the Mississippi; that although General Jackson had evacuated Pensacola, to oppose our army, the latter had met with no serious resistance, and had cleared the banks and islands of the river of the enemy's troops, taking his forts, and destroying and capturing his shipping. Our gallant troops thus ascended to the city of New Orleans, before which they sat down on the 24th December, with every probability of being masters of it in a few days. Fort Mobile is likewise stated to have been abandoned by the enemy.

To complete this picture of the unpromising condition of our enemy at the time of the Ghent treaty, we are just enabled to add the capture of one of his finest frigates, the President of 59 guns, Commodore Decatur. The President, together with a brig of war, the Macedonian, had been blocked up in the harbour of New-York, by a small British squadron under Admiral Hotham, consisting of the Majestic 74, and the Tenedos, Endymion, and Pomone frigates.—Owing to a gale, which for a night blew off our squadron from their station off Sandy Hook, the two American ships were enabled to make their escape; but the British admiral had judiciously retired to a quarter, whither it was probable

the American commodore would, if he ventured out, shape his track. This proved to be the case; he was chased by the British squadron, of which, however, the Endymion, under Captain Hope, could alone keep up to the enemy's superior sailing. An action therefore ensued between the Endymion and the President, and continued for two hours and a half, when the Pomone joined, upon which the enemy surrendered. The official accounts state, that without the arrival of the Pomone, the President was in so shattered a condition, and her loss in men so great, that she would have been obliged to strike to the Endymion alone. Our loss consisted in 11 killed and 14 wounded. The American brig escaped by superiority of sailing.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Parliament met again on the 9th Feb. Some pointed questions addressed to ministers respecting the proceedings of the Congress at Vienna, and the occupation of Saxony, Genoa, and Poland, have been met by stating, that Lord Castlereagh, who was hourly expected from the Continent, would give every desirable information on these topics. The Chancellor of the Exchequer has announced his intention of not proposing a renewal of the act for the property tax, which expires on the 5th of April next: to supply the deficiency created by the abandonment of so productive an impost, he will, on the 20th Feb. submit to the house some new financial measures, the leading features of which are supposed to be a considerable augmentation of the assessed taxes, and further resort to the sinking fund. An alteration in the existing corn laws will be one of the principal objects of deliberation in this session; the Hon. Mr. Robinson having, as a preparatory step, moved a series of resolutions, the substance of which is, that foreign grain and flour should at all times be allowed to be imported free of duty on condition of being *warehoused*, and that its export should likewise be duty free; that the importation of corn *for home consumption* should be prohibited, till the quarter rose to 80s. in this country, when its importation was to be permitted duty free.

The trial of Lieutenant-General Sir John Murray closed on the 7th Feb. and the decision of the court martial was as follows:—

1st. Charge, *Not guilty.*

2d. Charge, *Not guilty,*

3d. Charge, *Guilty* only of so much of that charge as states, "that he unnecessarily abandoned a considerable quantity of artillery and stores, which he might have embarked in safety, such conduct being detrimental to the service:" and the court does therefore find him guilty of such part, and does acquit him of the remainder of that charge. And the court, under all the circumstances of the case, considering the conduct of Sir John Murray to have proceeded from a mere error in judgment, is of opinion, and does adjudge, that for the part of the 3d charge of which Lieutenant-Gèneral Sir J. Murray has been so found guilty, he be admonished in such manner as his Royal Highness the Commander in Chief may think proper.

A letter addressed by the Duke

of York to the Adjutant-General, on the 15th Feb. states, that the Prince Regent was pleased to approve the sentence of the court; but that he remarked, that as the court only attribute to Sir J. Murray *a mere error in judgment*, the case did not appear to his royal highness to call for any further observation.

The Duke of Dorset was killed on the spot by a fall from his horse while hunting in the vicinity of Killiney, near Dublin, on the 14th Feb. His Grace only came of age in Nov. last, having been born 13th Nov. 1793. He had been married lately, but leaves no issue: his titles therefore devolve on his cousin, Lord Viscount Sackville.

EXHIBITION OF THE BRITISH INSTITUTION FOR PROMOTING THE FINE ARTS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

Public opinion appears to be divided regarding the merits of this year's Exhibition, in comparison with some preceding ones, but the majority consider the present as not the best. Perhaps those who hold this opinion, although the greater number, may be wrong, as it is common in judging of these matters, for the mind to retain a recollection of the most striking pictures that have been exhibited at various times, and to make the comparison against the few prominent subjects of the present year, with all that have appeared on the same walls from the commencement of the Institution. We know this to be a too general mode of comparison, and it applies equally to poetry; for he that writes a poem, must have his talents weighed against the best geniuses of every age and country; and being thus weighed, can it surprise, if he be found to have failed in his hope to please his contemporaries?

We endeavour with this view of the subject to judge dispassionately, and venture to pronounce the present, if not the best, certainly not inferior to any collection of the works of the rising artists exhibited in the same rooms from the commencement of the establishment.

It is greatly to be lamented, by all who really espouse the cause of the arts, that the munificent efforts of the noblemen and gentlemen patrons of this Institution, should not be better supported by the public in general, in their noble efforts to rescue the fine arts from that neglect which they have so long experienced in a country so eminent for liberal encouragement in most other matters of useful inventions.

No. 1. *Windsor.*—G. Jones.

There is some truth and much lively feeling in the small pictures from the pencil of this artist. This view of Windsor is taken near the market-house, on a market-day. The street is crowded with figures, who are employed appropriately. We are reminded in this picture of the spirited execution of Ferg, whose groups of small figures were touched with similar taste and masterly spirit.

No. 146. *Bristol, from the Boat-Builders.*—The same.

It is rather extraordinary, that among so much, and such various

talent in topographical representations in water colours, that so few English artists have turned their attention to painting similar subjects in oil. We recollect a few small pictures in oil by Mulready, that promised every excellence in this walk. The field now seems principally open to Jones. This view of part of the city of Bristol is truly picturesque, and is represented with considerable skill. The colouring is harmonious, and the effect is rich in light and shadow.

There is a spirited design by the same artist, No. 133, *Hannibal's Army attacked by Mountaineers*, the colouring of which is rather too florid. This is a fault that the artist may easily overcome. The story is well told, and the pass through the mountains, although ideal, bold, and romantic, is yet natural.

No. 140. *Mars subdued by Peace.*—Miss. H. A. E. Jackson.

"He yields! he yields! the gods themselves obey,
Own her sweet thraldom, court her blissful sway.
The Loves, delighted, throng the warrior round,
And hurl the torch of Discord to the ground;
The hero, conqueror of hostile fields,
To her, and her alone, the triumph yields."

Few subjects could have been invented more becoming the mind of a lady than this, and few ladies could be found with so many requisites to do justice to the thought, by embodying it with such truth and graceful personification.

Mars is here represented, not as the "stern veteran," but as a man in the prime of youth. The implements of war are laid aside, and the mild maiden Peace is binding his hands with silken cords. The Loves are represented as affording their aid.

There is much grace in the composition of the figures; the background, the attributes, and all the expletives, are appropriately introduced. The colouring is not only rich, but eminently chaste.

No. 137. *Banks of the Thames near Battersea.*—J. Wilson.

The freshness of a summer morning pervades the whole of this little composition, wherein the sunbeams sparkle upon the dewy branches of the willow, and glitter in dazzling undulation upon the bosom of the water, which is agitated, not by the breeze, but by the youths bathing in the pellucid waves. The penciling of this true transcript of nature is spirited, and the colouring is clear and vivid.

No. 95. *Night—Ilfracomb, Devonshire.*—G. Samuel.

Along the northern coast of this county, the scenery is much admired by the tourist; this place is particularly picturesque, a view of which we remember in a large picture by Mr. Samuel, that carried us to the spot. Here we have a cabinet picture, shewing nearly the same features, under the influence of moonlight; the painting of which is chaste, pleasing, and truly natural.

Two other pictures form companions to *Ilfracomb:*—No. 100. *View of Castle Crag, Borrowdale, Cumberland*—Noon; and No. 174. *View near Chedder, Somersetshire*—Evening.

No. 198. *Dunster Castle, Somersetshire.*—G. Samuel.

When the combination of objects in a real scene affords a fine subject for a pictorial composition,

there is always a fitness of circumstances that renders such a subject far more agreeable than the artificial forms of the best composed picture. The beautiful scenery of this landscape, with the ancient castle on the height behind, is illustrative of the truth of this remark. We do not remember a more truly picturesque assemblage of features in a landscape than in this view of Dunster Castle. The colouring is chaste and brilliant, the light and shadow are skilfully managed, and the whole effect of the picture is natural and in perfect harmony.

No. 186. *A Ferry*.—J. J. Chalon.

The richly decorated hills in the neighbourhood of Great Marlow appear to have furnished the hint for the back-ground of this picture; the Thames too winds its gentle stream at the base of these high grounds, in corresponding character. The populous town upon the margin of the water, although no portrait, is truly English, and forms a most natural and pleasing feature in the general scene.

The figures in this picture are designed with admirable truth, and are painted with suitable spirit. We think this decidedly one of the finest pictures in the collection.

No. 87. *A Scene from Beaumarchais' Comedy of "Le Marriage de Figaro." The Count, Susan, and the Page*.—A. E. Chalon.

"*Le Comte*. Ce droit charmant, si tu voulois en jaser ce soir au jardin avec moi sur la brune, je mettrois un tel prix à cette légère faveur!"

The style which this artist has adopted is peculiarly his own; for, from the period when he exhibited the two admirable pictures upon ivory; *The Chess-Players*, at the Royal Academy, now some years since, to the present time, we have never seen him copy the designs of another, or repeat his own thoughts, in his many compositions in oil and water-colours. The subject in question is admirably conceived, and enters quite into the spirit of the comedy from which it is taken. It is, moreover, painted with excellent effect and masterly skill.

No. 5. *The Prophet Ezra*.—G. Hayter.

It has been objected to the high praise that has been bestowed upon this picture, that the head is deficient in dignity of expression. This censure is not without some reason alledged against its author. In the high style of art, and this picture assumes a place amidst that class, dignity and expression form distinguished, nay, indispensable features.

The vast extent of talent which Mr. Hayter, yet so very young, has displayed in this picture, and another in this collection, *St. Jerome*, leads us to hope that he will study, ardently study, this necessary branch of his art: so that the next performance from his masterly pencil shall combine all that his genius may accomplish by the careful study of expression. For arrangement, effect, and colouring, we have seen no pictures from so young a man equally pregnant with hopeful promises

No. 117. *The Standard*.—A. Cooper.

The assertion so frequently made by certain connoisseurs, that the painting of animals is a very confined study, scarcely holding rank

above the painting of "still life," is proved to be illiberal and unfounded by the works of Mr. Cooper, who is recognized by the public as an animal-painter. But were we wanting in another instance to support this observation, we should have recourse to the works of Mr. Ward, whose paintings of animals comprise many excellencies of the high walk of art, and whose works generally evince a consummate knowledge of his profession.

This picture of the *Standard* is an instance of improvement very creditable to the talents of Mr. Cooper, and pleasing to contemplate, as every year from the commencement of his taking up the study of painting, we have witnessed his successful exertions, thus already enabling him to produce so masterly a performance. Here the human figure is at least as prominent as the animals, and represented under the influence of the strongest action and passion. The determined bravery of the soldier who is endeavouring to seize the standard, aided by his furious comrade, is ably opposed by the irresistible constancy with which it is defended by him who bears it against such odds. The struggle is represented with energetic expression. The horses partake of the tremendous conflict; their countenances are marked with that terror, which the clashing of swords about their exposed heads would naturally excite. One head, in particular, exhibits a character the very master-piece of expression. This picture is well composed, the light and shadow are good, the colouring is clear, and the execution masterly.

No. 153. *Landscape, with Children returning from School.*—J. Renton.

Tasteful composition and masterly execution are the characteristics of this picture. The scene is pastoral; the trees aspire to a poetical character, yet are sufficiently natural; the figures are agreeably interspersed along the village. The colouring is somewhat cold and inharmonious, and reminds us of the manner of Artois. It is, however, a picture of considerable merit.

No. 162. *Castle of Gloom.*—George Arnald.

"From the dreary and solemn situation, this pile was formerly called the Castle of Gloom; and the names of the adjacent places seem to be analogous to it, for it stands in the parish of Dolor, was bounded by the Glen of Care, and washed by the Burn of Sorrow."—Vide CRUTWELL'S *Tour*.

The solemnity of the site of this ponderous castle, situated on a high rock, with its surrounding gloom, is well described in this large picture by Mr. Arnald. The light, shadow, colour, and entire composition exhibit but one sentiment, and that is of the awful cast. This picture seems a just personification of one of Ossian's castles. The episode is quite in unison with the wildness of the scene. Huntsmen are introduced, pursuing the large red deer, which stands at bay. This renders the picture perfectly romantic.

No. 167. *View, from Rydal Woods, of the Urynore Mountains, over Rydal Water, Westmoreland.*—C. V. Fielding.

The elegant groups of trees, the distant groves, the lofty moun-

tains, and spacious waters, that combine their romantic forms to the production of this scene, would lead the mind to conclude it to be the creation of the fancy. The painter, however, has only used that poetic licence which becomes this walk of art, namely, in arranging the materials which existed upon the spot, so as to form, with a small addition of his taste, a real scene in nature.

The colouring of this picture is bright and tolerably chaste. The light and shadow are judiciously arranged, and the penciling is masterly. Mr. Fielding is a young painter in oil, but of considerable promise.

No. 214. *Tigers reposing.*—James Ward, R. A.

When animals are designed with the masterly knowledge exhibited in this picture, then do they form subjects worthy a place in the cabinet of the connoisseur. There is much of the dignified colouring and grand feeling of Titian in this picture. The style is severe, and the manner truly Venetian.

No. 27. *Sunrise.*—H. Howard, R. A.

"First in the east the glorious lamp was seen,
Regent of day, and all the horizon round
Invested with bright rays, jocund to run
His longitude through heaven's high road; the grey
Dawn and the Pleïades before him danc'd,
Shedding sweet influence."

That so sweet, so original, and so elegant a personification of this heavenly description of our blind bard should remain unsold (for it was exhibited on the walls of the Royal Academy), shews a deplorable want of feeling for pure painting. Every judge of the fine arts, every friend to British genius, not numbered among the children of Plutus, must lament their incapacity to purchase this production of Mr. Howard's classic pencil.

No. 15. *The Top.*—W. F. Witherington.

This is a pleasing representation of happiness and innocence at a cottage-door. A girl holds an infant in her lap, whilst a boy places a spinning peg-top in its hand. The delight which the child feels is communicated to the good-natured juvenile surrounding group. The figures fully express the intention of the artist, and are carefully painted. The picture has a very agreeable effect, and possesses considerable merit.

No. 38. *The Vision of the Kings appearing to Macbeth.*—H. Singleton.

"Shew his eyes, grieve his heart,
Come like shadows to depart."

The mysterious effect of this cave scene, wherein the weird sisters are performing their incantations, corresponds with the description of the poet. These hags look like preternatural beings. The ghosts have another effect upon the imagination; they may be considered as spirits of a sublime nature—ghosts of kings called from the tomb. The figure of Macbeth borders upon a theatrical character, which alone prevents this picture from being entitled to unqualified praise. The painting is masterly, the effect is awful, and the colouring rich.

No. 12. *The Surrender of Calais.*—Edward Bird, R. A.

We have seen the same subject treated by many artists, and with various success. In no one, however, do we remember so much incident, and so naturally growing

out of the story as in this. The queen alone is not left to intercede for the brave patriots of Calais. An old warrior in armour, a dignified figure, with soldier-like mien, appears to be recommending the king to this act of clemency. A beardless soldier, urged by youthful ardour, enters warmly into the interests of the burghers, and appeals vehemently to the prince's feelings. The prisoners are well described, their countenances are full of expression; all the episodes are necessary to the general effect, which is admirably managed, although the composition is crowded with figures.

Mr. Bird is another contemporary instance of progressive improvement in the art of painting. Each year has been marked with regular steps to attain a high scale of merit; the last year he has made an extensive approach towards the attainment of so meritorious an object.

No. 20. *A scolding Wife; her Husband having spent all his Money at the Fair.*—L. Cossé.

We Benedicts do not see that the good woman of the house has legal cause to lecture her sheepish-looking husband, although he has spent "all his money at the fair;" for he has not spent it *all* upon himself, like some sordid husbands that are to be pointed out in every country town, village, and hamlet. This worthy wight has bought a fiddle for one, a horse for another, a doll and a drum, which two of the young ones are most naturally at war about. A boy, tired of his drum, has seized a girl's doll. Thus the introduction of luxury in this humble cot operates as in the great world; it produces mischief and war. The poor penitent husband is patiently and ruefully submitting to his wife's reproaches, and is most wisely employed in cutting with his knife the back of his chair. Misfortunes rarely come singly, says the proverb. The wife's mother is wringing her hands in the chimney corner, and performing a second part in this doleful duet. A cynic would say, a man who invites the mother of his beloved to live under his own roof, exposes himself to some small risk on the score of domestic tranquillity.

Mr. Cossé exhibits a great variety of invention in his compositions. His subjects are well chosen, his thoughts are original, and he expresses them with nature and truth. No. 6, entitled *Listening*, and No. 71, *Meeting an Old Friend*, are pictures of equal merit. We think a series of engravings, in the line manner, well executed, from the pictures of this master, and of some few others who cultivate this humorous branch of painting, would make excellent subjects for furniture, as they are generally felt and understood, and never fail to please the admirers of imitative art.

No. 107. *Loch Lomond.* — T. C. Hoffland.

"It was a scene of such true majesty,
And yet so tranquil, and so sweet withal,
Methought the sun did pause ere he could leave
Such hallow'd spot; and cast a parting glance
Of milder radiance, and more lucid fire.

Loch Lomond, so much admired by the tourist, and so highly celebrated by the poet and the painter, receives another addition to its fame by this small picture of Mr.

Hoffland. The effect upon the stupendous mountains and the vast extent of water is truly indicative of that atmosphere which prevails at the time of day which the poet describes.

No. 112. *Head of Loch Lomond—Morning.*—The same.

> "Ben Lomond lifts its azure head sublime
> Mid glorious light, that from yon eastern sky,
> In broad expanse, gilds mountain, lake, and dell,
> Save where BenVorlich his vast shadow spreads,
> Veiling the flood, and stealing o'er the plain.

This companion to the above is painted with equal success; they form together a pleasing and interesting pair of cabinet pictures. We have noticed in the last three or four Exhibitions, many pictures taken from the romantic scenery of Scotland, which are highly creditable to the talents of Mr. Hoffland. They appear to be very faithful copies of the scenes they represent. These pictures are usually painted with bold effect, and are coloured with truth and simplicity.

No. 21. *A Colour-Grinder.*—R. T. Bone.

This little picture is painted with a richness of effect and boldness of penciling very creditable to so young an artist. We have not overlooked similar effusions of his pencil for the last three years; and shall hope, at some future time, to have the pleasing task of commenting on works from his hand, worthy of the promise that these minor productions contain.

No. 75. *Breaking the Ice.*—James Burnett.

The landscapes of this artist have certain qualities of style that promise much; for the painting is clear, the drawing is careful, and the execution is masterly. We could wish that Mr. Burnett would not depart from that richness of touch and brilliancy of effect which his pictures of last year evinced; which pictures held out a promise of excellence that has not been advanced by this year's productions. Perhaps no deficiency is so generally manifest in oil painting among the British artists, as that of the clearness, brilliancy, and transparency, which are so admirably displayed in the works of the Dutch and Flemish painters. Mr. Burnett appeared to have approached these excellencies as nearly as any of the British school. Whatever merits the works of the present year may evince in other respects, and they certainly have many, yet they are not, in our humble judgment, equally meritorious in this respect. Mr. Burnett, perhaps, may aim at excellence of another order, which he may accomplish.

This picture of *Breaking the Ice* is rural and strictly natural. The breath issuing from the nostrils of the half-frozen animals, we should have thought a venturesome attempt to describe in painting: it is an incident, however, that aids the effect of the design, and is most admirably executed.

The other pictures by this artist possess great merit, being natural in design, and of highly wrought execution.

No. 78.—*View on Dover South Pier of the Entrance of Dover Harbour, with the South Foreland—A squally Day.*—R. R. Reinagle.

The undulation of the water, its spray against the pier jutting out into the harbour, the motion of the

vessels rolling in all directions, the bustle, the variety of character exhibited in the figures, combine to render this picture not only a fac-simile of the spot represented, but a composition highly characteristic of the British sea-coast.

In this picture are no ideal circumstances, every part has the appearance of truth and locality.—The ships and vessels have their characters; the figures are English; the waves are natural; and the sky is indicative of a squally day.

No. 56. *Three Girls asleep under a Tent—Morning.*—Thos. Barker.

In almost all the compositions of this artist, great originality and invention are obvious features.—The subject of this interesting picture is three gipsy girls asleep under a rude tent: they are admirably grouped; their countenances possess that species of beauty which is peculiar to this wandering race. The effect of the piece is striking, the time being just after the dawn of day. Looking out of the tent, is seen another part of their rude camp, with a man just awoke, yawning and stretching, and a group of asses reposing near. The first ray of light spreading along the horizon, dispels the obscurity of the scene; the tone of colour completely unites with the sentiment of the subject.

There are many other pictures in this interesting Exhibition which merit particular notice, but the limits of our publication prohibit us from dwelling longer upon the subject, than to say, that we perceive merit extending in almost every department of the art of painting; and earnestly hope, that the blessing, which Peace may reasonably be expected to bring in her trains may include those which foster the arts peculiar to her mild reign.

Plate 12.—FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

DRAWING-ROOM WINDOW-CURTAIN.

The manufacture of silks on which devices are interwoven in gradation of tints, and in the way which is termed *shot*, in harmony with the colour of the ground, afford a tasteful material for the furniture of the drawing-room and the boudoir. It is introduced in the plate for this month, which is intended to exhibit the furniture of a window, possessing the various parts to which the fashion of the day has given sanction, and forming a whole of peculiarly chaste and elegant character. The drapery is of azure blue, edged with the bullion fringe, or one of those excellent imitations of it which so readily deceive the eye even of the connoisseur. The metal pins are omitted, and the curtains are festooned by silken cords, embellished by tassels, which pass behind the cornice hangings: the rod and its ornaments are of metal, and the ground on which it stands is of matt gilding.

MEDICAL REPORT.

An account of the practice of a physician from the 15th of January to the 15th February, 1815.

Peripneumony, 3....Pleurisy, 2 ....Catarrh, 10....Sore-throat, 4.... Fever, 3....Rheumatism, 8...Head-ach, 2.....Palsy, 2.....Mania, 1..... Hysteria, 1....Asthenia, 6....Asthma, 2....Cough and dyspnœa, 18... Consumption, 5.....Measles, 3..... Small-pox, 1...Dyspepsia, 4...Diarrhœa, 5...Gastrodynia, 2...Jaundice, 1...Dropsy, 3...Palpitation, 1 ...Ischuria, 1...Leucorrhœa, 2..Menorrhœa, 3...Cutaneous affections, 5...Diseases of infants, 8.

Although during the recent mild weather pulmonic disease has abated, some severe cases have occurred. In a case of obstinate and long-continued head-ach, unconnected with disorder of the primæ viæ, cupping afforded great relief. This affection, however, often depends upon the state of the stomach, and is much influenced by the biliary secretion. By attending to the functions of the liver and stomach, and inducing a healthy action in these organs, the pain in the head frequently ceases. But it occasionally depends on too great a determination of blood to the head, or an impeded circulation, or an altered state of the brain; and is even sometimes much influenced by the greater or less density of the atmosphere. Of all these causes, the most difficult to remove is the altered condition of the brain itself, of which as an organic substance, notwitstanding the researches of anatomists and the discoveries of physiologists, we yet know very little. So intimate is the connection between the mind and the brain, that what affects the one influences the other; there is constant action and reaction. Intense thinking will occasion head-ach, and a slight pressure on the brain, as is often witnessed in accidents, as well as an increased flow of blood to the head, will destroy the power of thinking, in fact annihilate every faculty of the mind. Few maniacs die without the brain exhibiting signs of disease; and an abscess discovered in the brain after death, has readily explained the phenomena of idiotcy. Were it possible to obtain more frequent dissections of the organ, with accurate histories of the cases, much more light would be thrown on the mental aberrations, as well as the disorders of the brain, which at present are involved in considerable obscurity.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

The mild weather through the whole of last month has given to vegetation a prospect of a forward spring. The wheat plants, both the late and early sown, have the most promising appearance in every district.

The spring sowing has commenced under the most promising aspect; great breadths of peas and beans have been kindly put into the ground, the soil working much better than could be expected, after the great quantity of rain

WALKING DRESS

MORNING DRESS.

NEEDLEWORK PATTERNS

that has fallen in the course of this winter.

Rye, tares, clover, winter barley, and every species of the soiling tribe, are abundantly luxuriant and promising.

The breadths of turnips unconsumed are much greater than ever were known at this season, and are of no value except in the breeding counties in the south: the farmer is obliged to hire flocks to eat them off, and many acres must be ploughed in for manure.

Every species of the brassica tribe is equally abundant, and of no value except within the range of the market-gardener.

FASHIONS FOR LADIES.

PLATE 13.—WALKING DRESS.

PELISSE of short walking length, made of evening primrose-coloured velvet, ornamented down the front with satin trimming; round capes, trimmed to correspond; full lace ruff. A French bonnet, composed of white velvet and satin in reversed plaitings, trimmed round the edge with a quilting of lace; full plume of ostrich feathers in the front. Half-boots of tan-coloured kid. Gloves, Limerick or York tan.

PLATE 14.—MORNING DRESS.

A petticoat of fine jaconot muslin, ornamented at the feet with a flounce laid on, appliqued with borders of needle-work. French spencer, of striped muslin; long loose sleeve, confined at the waist with a bracelet; high military collar—collar and fronts trimmed with lace; short sash of lilac sarsnet tied in front. A melon cap, composed of lace and lilac ribbon, confined in bows upon the crown. Half-boots or sandals, lilac kid. Gloves, Limerick or French kid.

For the fashions for this month we are again indebted to the tasteful and elegant designs of Mrs. Bean, of Albemarle-street.

REMARKS ON FEMALE FASHIONS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE REPOSITORY.

Mr. *Editor*,

YOU once had a correspondent who styled himself *Arbiter Elegantiarum*, and who amused the readers of the *Repository* with speculations on taste, as it applied to ladies' dress. Now, though I did not always approve his reasonings, and could not, in consequence, follow him through all his conclusions, yet there was a novelty and whimsicality about his mode of treating the subject, which rendered his essays highly interesting, and made the suspension of them a matter of serious regret to many of your readers. Pray, Mr. Editor, what has become of this sage and sapient gentleman, this erudite castigator of female folly? Has he left the theatre of fashionable life in despair of producing any reform? or has he, like the rest of the world, gone to Paris, and lost

himself in that vortex of frippery, buffoonery, and extravagance?—Surely never was an *Arbiter Elegantiarum* more loudly called for than at the present moment, when the spring tide of French fashions has set in upon us with a current that threatens to sweep away all the barriers of good taste, and to involve us in that sink of ugliness and absurdity, from the contamination of which our insular situation and a twenty years' war had hitherto preserved us.

Whether the essays of your old correspondent *Arbiter* really produced any effect, I cannot pretend to say; but I do recollect the time when something like good taste seemed to be diffusing itself through the atmosphere of fashionable life; I do recollect when a lady did *not* think it necessary to wear a bushel-measure on her head, nor a coachman's seven-caped coat upon her back; when a face was considered sufficiently pretty *without* the foil of a coalskuttle; and when a chimney-pot, with the chimney-sweeper's brush sticking out at the top of it, was *not* thought the most graceful of all models for a fashionable bonnet. I do recollect when the face of a woman was to be found, where nature had placed it, nearly at the top, and *not* in the middle of the figure; and when *mumbo jumbo* was *not* made the standard of female proportion. I do, indeed, recollect when the simplicity that obtained, both as to form and colour, in the dress of our lovely fellow-countrywomen, brought to our minds the best ages of antiquity; and when the floating figures in a fashionable promenade might be connected with our ideas of classic elegance, and all those associations which are productive of our most refined delights: but, in the name of every thing that is lovely, what has become of these interesting scenes? An ugly and abominable enchanter, called Parisian Costume, touches us with his wand, and the fairy vision instantly disappears.

Oh! Mr. Editor, is not this enough to arouse your *Arbiter* from his slumbers? Let me urge him, if he be still in the land of the living, to resume his pen. The national taste, the national character demands his exertions, and every thing that is lovely in female beauty forbids his longer silence. These are points that I know will touch him. I recollect the ardent love, the almost adoration with which he used to talk of our dear, dear fellow-countrywomen; and I can imagine the horror he must feel at seeing them assimilated in any way to that nation from whose habits, manners, and feelings it has always been our pride to stand aloof.

But I am assuming Mr. Arbiter's character and wielding his sword, when my only intention is to rouse him from his dormant state, and to bring him into active exertion. Wishing that this letter may have that effect, I remain, Mr. Editor,

Your humble servant,

An Englishman from Top to Toe.

LONDON MARKETS.

Return of Wheat from Jan. 30 to Feb. 4.

TOTAL 13,514 quarters.—Average, 61s. 0½d per quarter, or 1s. 6½d. per quarter higher than last return.

Return of Flour from Feb. 4 to 10.

TOTAL, 21,116 sacks.—Average, 60s. 6½d. per sack, or 1s. 9½d. per sack higher than last return.

Average of England and Wales, Feb. 13 to 18.

	s	d		s	d		s	d
Wheat	61	4	Barley	28	8	Beans	35	7
Rye -	36	10	Oats -	21	6	Pease	36	9

CORN, SEEDS, &c.

	s.	s.	s.
Wheat white, per quarter	50	76	—
——red - -	48	72	—
——foreign	44	65	—
Rye - - -	30	34	—
Barley, English	24	32	—
Malt - - -	63	72	—
Oats Feed -	17	25	—
——Friezland	—	—	—
——Poland	18	28	—
——Potatoe	23	31	—
Beans, Pigeon	30	34	—
——Horse -	—	—	—
Pease, Boiling	36	46	—
——Grey -	30	35	—
Flour per sack	60	65	—
——Seconds	50	60	—
——Scotch	50	58	—

	s.	s.	s.
Tares, per bushel -	7	9	—
Turnip - -	20	24	—
Mustard, brown -	12	18	—
——white	7	14	—
Canary, per qr.	80	90	—
Hempseed -	60	68	—
Linseed - -	63	112	—
Clover, red, per cwt.	52	81	—
——white	60	105	—
——foreign, red	50	96	—
——white	65	100	—
Trefoil - -	10	30	—
Carraway -	63	92	—
Coriander -	10	14	—

American Flour —s a —s per barrel of 196lbs.
Rapeseed, per last - - - £32 a £34 a £—.
Oil Cakes, per thousand, £16. —s. to £0 0s.

SUGAR, &c. per Cwt.

	s		s
Muscovade, fine	104	a	110
—— good	98	a	108
—— ordinary	88	a	97
East India white	100	a	110
—— yellow	94	a	99
—— brown	75	a	90

MOLASSES 35s. 0d. a —s. —d.

REFINED SUGAR.

	s		s
Double Loaves	180	a	190
Hambro' ditto	140	a	155
Powder ditto	136	a	142
Single ditto	133	a	138
Canary Lumps	130	a	134
Large ditto	124	a	127
Bastards, whole	88	a	90
—— faces	97	a	105
—— middles	90	a	98
—— tips -	87	a	90

GINGER.

Jamaica, white	82	a	200
Barbadoes, ditto	75	a	80
—— black	70	a	75

RICE, *Bonded.*

Carolina -	24	a	26
Brazil - -	26	a	28

COFFEE, *Bonded.*

	s	d		s	d
Dominica, Surinam, &c.					
Fine -	75	0	a	85	0
Good	70	0	a	74	0
Ordinary	67	0	a	69	0
Triage	30	0	a	50	0
Jamaica.					
Fine	75	0	a	85	0
Good	60	0	a	74	0
Ordinary	40	0	a	59	0
Triage	20	0	a	39	0
Mocha	300	0	a	600	0
Bourbon	90	0	a	120	0
St. Domingo	60	0	a	70	0
Java -	90	0	a	100	0

COCOA, *Bonded.*

Trinidad and Carraccas	90	0	a	100
Plantation	65	0	a	80

SPICES and PEPPER, per lb.

Nutmegs	18	0	a	24
Cloves	10	0	a	10
Cinnamon	10	6	a	11
Mace	36	0	a	42
Pepp. white	5	3	a	—
—— black	2	5	a	2
Pimento	2	0	a	—

Average price of Raw Sugar, exclusive of duty, 71s. 9¼d.

The demand for sugar has continued so extremely limited, that sales have been made this month on still lower terms.

HOPS in the Borough.

BAGS	£	s		£	s
Kent - -	5	0	a	7	15
Sussex - -	4	10	a	6	12
Essex - -	0	0	a	0	0

POCKETS	£	s		£	s
Kent - -	5	12	a	8	12
Sussex - -	5	5	a	7	7
Farnham	11	0	a	14	0

CORN, &c. per Quarter.

	Feb.	Wheat, s		s	Barley, s		s	Oats, s		s	Beans, s		s	Pease, s		s
Newcastle	11	52	a	69	28	a	32	19	a	26	32	a	38	48	a	50
Northampton	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—
Canterbury	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—
Lewes	18	60	a	74	27	a	30	20	a	24	32	a	40	36	a	40
Chesterfield	11	64	a	93	29	a	35	21	a	28	—	a	—	40	a	—
Ashborne	11	60	a	80	30	a	40	22	a	30	40	a	50	—	a	—
Guildford	18	—	a	—	28	a	31	24	a	30	35	a	44	37	a	43
Gainsboro'	14	63	a	80	30	a	35	17	a	22	34	a	42	—	a	—
Louth	15	57	a	60	22	a	25	14	a	18	—	a	—	—	a	—
Huntingdon	11	48	a	72	29	a	33	18	a	23	27	a	35	—	a	—
Newark	15	64	a	75	35	a	38	22	a	30	32	a	40	—	a	—
Spilsby	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—
Ryegate	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—
Devizes	16	52	a	80	28	a	33	27	a	30	36	a	46	—	a	—
Reading	18	40	a	84	20	a	32	21	a	26	32	a	40	35	a	42
Swansea	15	58	a	—	26	a	—	30	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—
Henley	16	40	a	76	24	a	32	16	a	30	30	a	42	36	a	42
Maidenhead	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—
Salisbury	14	54	a	68	24	a	32	22	a	30	38	a	52	—	a	—
Penrith	14	64	a	—	30	a	—	24	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—
Hull	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—
Basingstoke	15	40	a	74	26	a	32	21	a	27	30	a	40	—	a	—
Wakefield	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—
Andover	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—
Warminster	17	54	a	84	29	a	35	24	a	28	44	a	52	—	a	—

SPIRITS, per Gallon (exclusive of duty).

	s	d		s	d
Brandy, Cog.	8	9	a	9	6
—— Spanish	5	0	a	5	2
Hollands Gin	8	0	a	8	6
Rum, Jamaica	4	6	a	6	9
—— Lew. Isl.	3	8	a	4	6

	s	d		s	d
Mol. Spirits, British	13	10	a	14	0
—— Irish -	0	0	a	0	0
—— Scotch	0	0	a	0	0
Spirits of Wine	24	0	a	0	0

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL FOR JANUARY, 1815.

Conducted at Manchester by THOMAS HANSON, *Esq.*

1815. JAN	Wind.	Pressure. Max.	Pressure. Min.	Pressure. Mean.	Temperature. Max.	Temperature. Min.	Temperature. Mean.	Weather.	Evap	Rain.
1	S W 1	30,50	29,80	30,150	44,0°	37,0°	40,50°	cloudy	.045	
☽ 2	S W 1	30,58	30,50	30,540	43,0	36,0	39,50	foggy	—	
3	S E 1	30,58	30,44	30,510	42,0	28,0	35,00	cloudy	.036	
4	S W 1	30,44	30,22	30,330	32,0	24,0	28,00	cloudy	—	
5	S W 1	30,22	30,22	30,220	30,0	25,0	27,50	cloudy	—	
6	Var. 1	30,22	30,18	30,200	34,0	25,0	29,50	cloudy	—	
7	N W 1	30,22	29,64	29,980	38,0	28,0	33,00	drizzly	—	—
8	N W 2	29,98	29,64	29,810	36,0	28,0	32,00	clear	—	
9	N W 1	29,98	29,80	29,890	35,0	25,0	30,00	variable	—	—
● 10	N W 2	29,80	29,64	29,720	43,0	35,0	39,00	rainy	—	
11	N W 4	29,84	29,64	29,740	42,0	31,0	36,50	snowy	—	—
12	N W 2	30,32	29,84	30,080	38,0	28,0	33,00	fine	—	—
13	N W 2	30,32	29,96	30,140	39,0	24,0	31,50	clear	—	—
14	W 2	30,18	29,96	30,070	42,0	36,0	39,00	fine	—	
15	S E 2	30,46	30,18	30,320	41,0	28,0	34,50	fine	—	—
16	S E 1	30,46	30,40	30,430	35,0	27,0	31,00	fine	—	
17	S E 1	30,48	30,40	30,440	39,0	32,0	35,50	fine	—	
☾ 18	S W 2	30,48	30,34	30,410	38,0	28,0	33,00	fine	—	
19	N 2	30,34	30,18	30,260	36,0	26,0	31,00	variable	—	
20	N E 2	30,02	30,18	30,100	35,0	24,0	29,50	variable	—	
21	N 2	30,04	30,02	30,030	36,0	30,0	33,00	variable	—	
22	N E 1	30,04	30,04	30,040	35,0	29,0	32,00	clear	—	
23	N W 1	30,04	29,94	29,990	36,0	18,0	27,00	clear	—	
24	N W 1	29,94	29,70	29,820	36,0	17,0	26,50	fine	—	
○ 25	N W 1	29,76	29,70	29,730	32,0	24,0	28,00	fine	—	
26	N E 1	29,70	29,36	29,530	33,0	26,0	29,50	fine	—	
27	E 3	29,36	29,10	29,230	33,0	23,0	28,00	snowy	—	
28	Var. 2	29,10	29,15	29,075	37,0	30,0	33,50	thaw	—	—
29	S 1	29,38	29,05	29,215	40,0	32,0	36,00	fine	—	
30	Var. 2	29,46	29,38	29,420	40,0	32,0	36,00	fine	—	
31	S E 2	29,54	29,46	29,500	38,0	32,0	35,00	cloudy	.449	.950
			Mean	29,965		Mean	32,67		.530	.950

RESULTS.

Mean pressure, 29,965—Maximum, 30,58, wind S E. 1.—Minimum, 29,05, wind variable 2.—Range, 1.53 of an inch.

The greatest variation of pressure in 24 hours, is .70 inch, which was on the 1st.

Spaces described by the curve, formed from the mean daily pressure, 3,7 inches.—Number of changes, 8.

Mean temperature, 32.67°.—Max. 44°, wind S. W. 1.—Min. 17°, wind N. W. 1.—Range 27.

The greatest variation of temperature in 24 hours is 19°, which was on the 24th.

Water evaporated (from a surface of water exposed to the effects of winds and the sun, but not to its direct rays), .530 of an inch.

Fall of rain, .950 of an inch—rainy days, 4—snowy, 8—haily, 4.

WIND.

N	NE	E	SE	S	SW	W	NW	Variable.	Calm.
2	3	1	5	1	5	1	10	3	0

Brisk winds 1—Boisterous ones 1.

Notes.—21st Slight thaw P. M. snow in the evening.—24th. Extreme depression of temperature during last night, the minimum temperature 15° below freezing; the thermometer in the course of the day rose to 36° —28th. Thaw commenced about noon—very boisterous early in the morning from the east—wind in the evening was changed to south.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL FOR JANUARY, 1815.

Conducted by Mr. J. GIBSON, *Laboratory, Stratford, Essex.*

1815. JAN.	Wind.	Pressure. Max.	Min.	Mean.	Temperature. Max.	Min.	Mean.	Weather.	Evap.	Rain.
1	N	30,44	30,20	30,320	42°	30°	36,0°	fine	—	
☽ 2	N E	30,45	30,44	30,445	35	32	35,5	foggy	—	
3	N E	30,44	30,20	30,320	35	30	32,5	fine	—	
4	N E	30,20	30,10	30,150	32	29	31,0	fine	—	
5	N E	30,10	30,10	30,100	33	30	31,0	cloudy	—	—
6	N E	30,10	30,05	30,075	34	25	29,5	cloudy	—	
7	N W	30,05	29,60	29,825	37	27	32,0	fine	—	
8	N W	30,07	29,62	29,845	35	25	30,0	fine	—	
9	W	30,07	29,87	29,970	43	27	35,0	cloudy	—	
● 10	W	29,68	29,67	29,675	43	36	39,5	fine	—	
11	N W	30,0[illegible]	29,68	29,840	40	32	36,0	fine	—	
12	N W	30,18	30,00	30,090	39	27	33,0	fine	—	
13	W	30,00	29,89	29,945	40	28	34,0	rainy	—	—
14	N W	30,20	30,00	30,100	41	32	36,5	cloudy	.51	.30
15	N E	30,35	30,30	30,325	36	27	31,5	fine	—	
16	N	30,27	30,25	30,260	37	29	33,0	cloudy	—	
17	N	30,30	30,19	30,245	39	31	35,0	cloudy	—	
☾ 18	N	30,19	30,08	30,135	35	26	30,5	snowy	—	—
19	N W	30,08	29,77	29,925	31	20	25,5	snow	—	—
20	E	29,88	29,87	29,875	31	26	28,5	snow	—	—
21	N E	29,90	29,88	29,890	34	28	31,0	snowy	—	—
22	N E	29,96	29,90	29,930	32	28	30,0	snowy	—	—
23	N W	29,90	29,87	29,885	32	12	22,0	cloudy	—	
24	N E	29.87	29,75	29,810	30	20	25,0	cloudy	—	
○ 25	E	29,75	29,57	29,660	30	24	27,0	snow	—	—
26	Var.	29,57	29,17	29,370	33	23	28,0	snowy	—	—
27	E	29,14	29,08	29,110	38	29	33,5	snowy	—	—
28	S	29,25	29,14	29,195	43	36	39,5	fine	—	.22
29	S E	29,39	29,25	29,320	44	35	39,5	fine	—	
30	E	29,45	29,38	29,415	40	35	37,5	fine	—	
31	E	29,48	29,45	29,465	44	37	40,5	cloudy	.52	.13
			Mean	29,887		*Mean*	32,4	*Total*	1.03*in.*	.65*in.*

RESULTS. — Prevailing winds, northerly.—Mean height of barometer, 29,887 inches; highest observation, 30,45 inches; lowest, 29,08 inches.—Mean height of thermometer, 32,4°.; highest observation, 44° —lowest, 12°.—Total of evaporation, 1,03 inch.—Total of rain, .65 inches—in another guage, .73 inches.

Notes.—3d. Fine morning—afternoon overcast.—4th and 5th. A little snow.—8th. Fine clear day—starlight night.—9th. White frost—foggy.—13th. Foggy morning —15th. Very fine morning.—19th. Fine morning—ground covered with snow.—24th. Hoar frost—foggy.—28th. Morning very fine—thaw commenced.—31st. Foggy morning.

Date.	Bank Stock.	3 Pr. Ct. Consols.	3 pr.ct. Red.	4 pr.ct. Cons.	Navy 5 pr.ct.	Long Ann.	Omnium.	Impl.3 pr.ct.	Impl. Anns.	Irish 5 pr. ct	S. Sea Stock.	S. Sea Anns.	India Stock	India Bonds.	Exchqr. Bills.3½d.	St. Lotty. Tickets.	Cons. Feb.28
Jan. 21	260	65¾a¼	66	83⅛	95	16½	1¼ Dis.	—	—	—	—	—	190	20 Pm.	6 Pm.		66⅛a5½
23	259	65⅛a⅜	65¾	82¾	94¾	16 7/16	1⅜ Dis.	—	—	—	—	—	190	19 Pm.	6 Pm.		65⅜a⅝
24	—	65⅛a⅜	65¾	82⅞	94⅞	16 7/16	1⅝ Dis.	—	3½	—	—	—	190	19 Pm.	6 Pm.		65¾a⅜
25	Hol.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—		—
26	258	65⅛a⅜	65⅝	82⅞	94⅞	16 7/16	1¾ Dis.	—	3½	—	—	—	191½	19 Pm.	5 Pm.		65a⅝
27	258	65¼a⅜	65¾	82⅞	94⅞	16 7/16	1⅝ Dis.	64	—	—	—	—	—	19 Pm.	6 Pm.		65⅝a⅜
28	—	65¼a⅛	65⅝	82¾	94¾	16 7/16	1¾ Dis.	—	—	—	—	—	—	19 Pm.	6 Pm.		65½a⅜
30	Hol.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—		—
31	257¾	65⅜a⅛	65⅝	82⅞	94⅞	16 7/16	1⅜ Dis.	64	—	—	—	—	192¼	19 Pm.	6 Pm.		65⅝a⅜
Feb. 1	258	65⅜a⅛	65⅝	82¾	94⅞	16 7/16	1¼ Dis.	64	3½	—	—	—	193	18 Pm.	6 Pm.		65½a¼
2	—	65¼a⅛	65⅜	—	94⅞	16 7/16	1¾ Dis.	—	—	—	—	—	192½	18 Pm.	6 Pm.		65a⅜
3	259½	65a¼	65½	82¾	94⅞	16 7/16	1¾ Dis.	63⅞	—	—	67⅝	—	123¾	18 Pm.	6 Pm.		65⅜a⅛
4	—	64¾a5⅛	65⅜	82¾	94⅞	16 7/16	1⅞ Dis.	—	—	94	—	—	—	18 Pm.	6 Pm.		65a¼
6	259	65a64⅝	65¼	82⅝	94¾	16 7/16	2 Dis.	—	—	—	69	—	193¾	18 Pm.	6 Pm.		65⅛a4⅝
7	258½	64⅝a½	64⅞	82½	94⅝	16⅜	2½ Dis.	—	3 9/16	—	—	—	193	17 Pm.	5 Pm.		64¾a½
8	Hol.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—		—
9	258	64½a⅛	64¾	82⅛	94⅜	16 5/16	2⅝ Dis.	—	3½	93¾	69½	—	—	17 Pm.	6 Pm.		64⅝a¼
10	258	64¼a⅝	64¾	82⅛	94⅜	16⅜	2½ Dis.	63⅛	—	—	68¾	—	193	17 Pm.	6 Pm.		64⅜a¾
11	—	64⅛a⅝	64⅞	81¾	94	16 7/16	2⅞ Dis	—	—	—	—	—	—	16 Pm.	5 Pm.		64¾a¼
13	—	64a¼	64½	81⅝	93⅞	16⅜	3 Dis.	—	3½	—	—	—	193	15 Pm.	5 Pm.		64⅜a⅛
14	—	64a63¾	64¼	81⅜	93¾	16 5/16	3⅜ Dis.	62¾	—	—	—	—	192¾	14 Pm.	6 Pm.		64⅛a3⅞
15	257¾	63⅞a4¼	64½	81⅛	93⅝	16⅜	3⅛ Dis.	62¾	—	—	68½	—	192½	12 Pm.	5 Pm.		64a⅜
16	258	64⅝a¾	64⅞	81¼	93⅞	16⅜	2⅝ Dis.	—	3⅝	—	—	—	—	12 Pm.	4 Pm.		64½a5
17	—	64¾a½	65	81⅜	94⅛	16 7/16	2½ Dis.	63¼	—	—	—	—	—	12 Pm.	4 Pm.		64⅞a½
18	—	64⅜a½	64¾	81⅝	94	16⅜	2⅝ Dis	—	—	93½	—	—	—	13 Pm.	5 Pm.		64⅜a¾
20	—	64⅞a5⅛	65⅜	81⅞	94⅜	16 7/16	2⅛ Dis.	—	—	93⅞	—	—	—	13 Pm.	5 Pm.	Feb. 28.	64⅞a5¼

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